

Special Features This Issue

‘Metinic on My Mind’ – ‘Main Duck Island Passage’,
‘Water Wandering in the Low Countries’,
‘Don Betts Boat Builder’ – ‘Couta Boats’

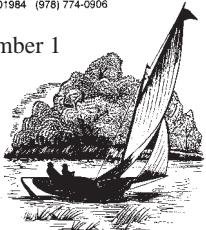


messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26– Number 1

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



There's some good news and some potential bad news for small boaters, as we head back out on the water for another season, about ongoing government efforts to combat those dangerous terrorist guys, and also adverse environmental impacts as they relate to our small boat activities. According to articles in the April issue of *Soundings*, a voice of common sense seems to have been raised in homeland security proposals to control terrorist use of small boats, while a court action relating to the 34-year-old Clean Water Act may require everyday boaters to obtain expensive ballast water permits for any activities using water on their boats that result in any discharge into the water that floats their boats. Like washing the boat, for example.

First, that voice of reason: Proposals for mandatory Automatic Identification Systems (AIS) installations in all small boats and for boater licensing have been dropped for now from the arsenal of weapons the Department of Homeland Security is considering for protecting against terrorist attacks from small boats. It seems that someone noticed that if all the recreational craft afloat had to have the AIS systems required for large commercial vessels operating while out on the water there'd be so many that the vessel traffic controllers would not be able to keep track of all those blips on their radars. The AIS allows both vessel traffic controllers and the vessel operators themselves to "see" one another on radar and be identified and tracked. The security cops also came to realize that the terrorists could slip through undetected just by not having AIS on their boats. Indeed!

The proposal for licensing boaters has also been tabled with emphasis instead to be placed on boater education. Education is a plus certainly for those who need it. But how licensing would enhance homeland security was never made clear, but the Coast Guard still says it needs a way to identify boat operators on the water. Like when they stop them to check their papers? As usual, most laws affect only the law abiding. Any law abiding boater usually has some sort of personal ID, driver's license the most commonplace. Will not having licenses deter those terrorist guys?

Not enough, perhaps, and the day of the universal photo ID is coming for all of us so we can be tracked 24/7 by any "authority" who becomes interested in what we are

doing. Someday some "authority" will require that all newborns have computer chips implanted so they will be able to be tracked for the rest of their lives. For our safety, of course. But right now, anyway, there'll be no compulsory boat operator licensing.

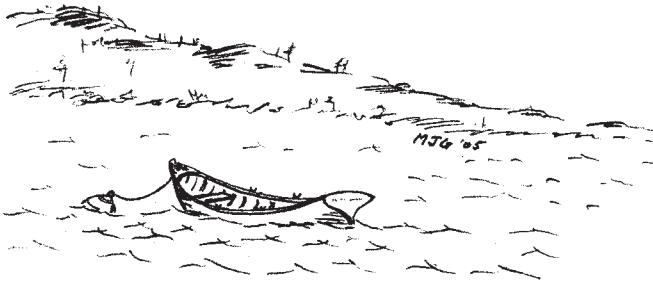
The environmental impact issue about ballast water permits arose when a US District Court cancelled the exemption enjoyed for 34 years by recreational small craft under the Clean Water Act. The Recreational Boating Act was introduced last year in the face of new commercial ballast water regulations to protect recreational boaters from these new regulations but has not been approved as yet by the Congress. The deadline is September for the EPA to impose the new regulations, and unless the Recreational Boating Act is approved by then we'll all be subject to these commercial level permits. A website has been set up at www.boatblue.org to mobilize the boating community, it includes a "Take Action" button with information on how to help get this act passed in time.

While this sort of encroaching bureaucratic intrusion into our chosen recreation seems still to mostly target boats with motors, as they have long been subjected to registration and thus identification, those of us who boat without engines should not be too smug, already some states require all boats to be registered, the bottom limit seems to be based on length, around 8', essentially dinghies that never travel very far. The rationale is always one of control, often in the interests of safety, which seems to be an unchallenged argument accepted by the general public living in fear from all the scaremongering going on.

You might wonder why I view the closing in on our freedom of action, in life, not just afloat, in the interest of our collective safety negatively. It is because the approach is that of putting everyone into the cage in order to control the aberrant amongst us. Human history has shown repeatedly that tight control over everyone's actions by a small bureaucracy inevitably has led to abuses. Our innocuous pleasure in being on the water in small boats has been identified by those who would protect us as being a possible cover for terrorists, and today invoking the word "terrorists" sets the stage for yet further steps in constraining our individual freedom.

On the Cover...

"Wind Whisperer," an original painting by New Zealand artist Jim Bolland, typifies the marine art Jim often features in *A Brush with Sail*, his occasional online newsletter of New Zealand yachting. In this issue we reprint Jim's report on New Zealand's Coutha Boats from his newsletter. Readers who wish to learn more about Jim's art (and prints thereof) and *A Brush with Sail* should go to www.auldmug.com/prints.html, or email him at jimbolland.co.nz.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

The first leg of our journey took us from Cataumet (this side of Cape Cod) to Cuttyhunk Island. We sailed less than 30 miles, the length of Buzzards Bay, but we didn't leave Cataumet until after lunch. I wished I had more time to look around.

I resist traveling with others. Someone else always decides when to come and when to go. As a water rat and a writer, I want to enquire and peer and mess about. What makes travel interesting is talking to people and looking at their boats and poking into coffee shops and marine consignment stores and walking the shady lanes in elderly villages overlooking harbors. If I have a notebook and a pencil I can get lost for hours. Other people try to overtake places as quickly as possible. Perhaps they enjoy a sense of accomplishment.

"I went from point A to point B in only four days and 11 minutes. Pretty darn good, don't you think?"

Well, I do think, which at least poses complications. Because I think, some mornings it takes me four days and 11 minutes just to get to work.

We planned to expend at least a week to deliver this Cal 34 to Hampton Roads, Virginia, camping out at marinas along the way. We frequently found ourselves sailing dead into a wind that wasn't blowing. Until we arrived in Chesapeake Bay we had the motor on nearly all of the time. There a mellow breeze met us. Our final day we encountered a serious breeze and made 90 miles in 12 hours.

All the way to the Chesapeake we encountered haze. This delightful phenomenon restricts visibility to barely half a mile, give or take a thousand yards, and keeps you constantly peering at apparitions and wondering if you ought to alter your course. Our boat hadn't any frills such as GPS, a rarity at that time. We had LORAN but none of us knew how to use it.

We worked with a compass, charts, and binoculars, along with parallel rules, dividers, a wristwatch, and a pencil. When you haven't a knot meter you calculate your speed after two fixes. Whatever else you need for coast-wise navigation, ask Mr Eldridge. Now, take a bearing on that light you can't see, plot our position and pipe down.

When you can't find any aids to navigation, position becomes problematic. Yes, the next marker should appear about over there almost any time now. It should resemble a bell buoy, adorned by the number 14 in large white numerals. If you squint, sailor-like, long enough through this haze you'll most likely find it. If you don't, well, the next one you won't see ought to say number 16. Yes, right about there. No, lad. What you see sticking up through the haze is only our Samson post.

Nonetheless, we managed to find Cuttyhunk. We happened to choose the weekend of Independence Day to begin our little excursion. Inside the basin we discovered about a million vessels rafted together in groups of a thousand or so. To circle the harbor we had to butter our rub rails. We couldn't access the only pier and the only means to shore and the crowded village. But staying aboard improves one's self-sufficiency. We had supplies for a week and plenty of fuel and water. We escaped and anchored outside in the company of a score of other latecomers.

We dropped our hook in the drink and the current assisted to set it. We paid out plenty of scope and thought about supper. The skillet had just gotten hot enough to terrify the onions when the island decided to move a tad to the west. We looked out the porthole and there it went on its way to New York. Gravelly bottom, Skipper. We started the engine, hoisted the anchor, and set it again with more scope. We tried a different anchor. On the fourth attempt it held. And no one else's anchor dragged during the night. A good thing, too. I've always objected to sharing my bunk with a sailboat to whom I haven't been properly introduced.

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Having admired Dave's work for a number of years, I was pleased to be given the opportunity to review his latest book. I've been fascinated with double paddle canoes since using several very fine examples at the Mystic Seaport Small Craft Workshop in 1979.

While excellent performers, the two I've built for my own use are decidedly not ultralight. As I grow older, the effect of those few extra pounds has multiplied when it comes to loading, unloading, and transporting the boats.

Also, I have a commission to build a Rob Roy type coming up this summer and was in hopes Mr Nichols' book would help me turn the ultralight corner. I've read the book cover to cover and am not disappointed, it's going to be a great help.

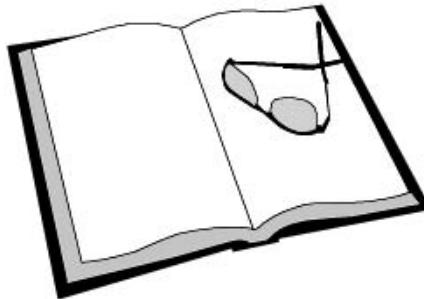
A real enticement to the purchase of this book is the high quality of David's designs in terms of performance, versatility, durability, and aesthetics. He melds the requirements of all these areas with great talent. That being said, you don't have to be Ian Oughtred or Walt Simmons to build one.

Lapstrake Canoes is exceptionally well written, with an excellent balance between clarity and simply enjoyable observations and turns of phrase. Having spent a number of years in the Lone Star State, I am pleasantly surprised to come across a UT graduate possessed of such eloquence! It has, by the way, the best illustrative technique and procedure photography of any manual I've read to date. I couldn't find any important technique or procedure described textually that wasn't also well illustrated photographically. Until now I'd regarded Ted Moore's *Canoe-craft* as the very best in this regard, but am of the opinion that Mr Nichols may have done just a bit better.

Subject matter is sequential; ie, start the book at the beginning and read through to the end. He says what he has to say at the most effective point to say it. If you skip ahead you'll miss something of benefit, I can assure you. This holds, by the way, as much for those of us who regard ourselves as "experienced." Most of the really valuable techniques I've adopted came from paying close attention to how other builders go about things differently than the way I do it. Often as not, when an honest comparison is made I've recognized that they got the desired result more efficiently and effectively. I've already picked up a number of pointers from *Lapstrake Canoes* that I intend to put to use.

There are few statements with which I'd take strong issue. One is a claim on the back; to wit, "...any high schooler with a bit of focus can build himself or herself a stunning canoe." Well, having taught boat building to high schoolers, I'd take that one with a large measure of salt! Dave assures me the hyperbole was his publisher's doing so I'm willing to let that slide. He has gone a long way in simplifying a complex process. That being said, it's still a complex process and not to be undertaken lightly.

While as enamored as any with the lore and lure of boat building (and he can wax lyrical with the best), he maintains a refreshingly practical streak throughout. Paragraph III of the actual text gets to a key issue right off: "Probably the two biggest problems facing the first-time builder, or any builder for that matter, are finding the space and finding the time." He immediately clarifies how much space (one half of a two-car garage) and how much time (120 hours, give or take, for Lit-



Book Review

Lapstrake Canoes

By David L. Nichols

ISBN 978-1-891369-72-8

159pp, soft cover, 8½" x 11", \$21.95

Breakaway Books

PO Box 24, Halcottsville, NY 12438

www.breakawaybooks.com

Reviewed by Rodger Swanson

tle Princess). He also stresses how building time can be reduced by prefabricating many of the craft's components, a tactic employed by many successful professional builders.

His breakdown of "necessary" and "helpful" tools is well thought out. One could build these boats with hand tools only. That being said, there's no doubt of the time and energy saving capabilities of properly selected power tools. There's likely no virtue in insisting on a "purist" (ie, hand tools only) approach because the boats in question aren't strictly traditional in the respects of design, materials, and construction techniques anyway.

There's also the practical issue of the quality of result. It's my opinion that most people these days (including the semi-mythical high schooler alluded to earlier) are more attuned to using power tools than hand tools. There's a learning curve with both. The Catch-22 is finding a skilled tutor. At present, there are more folks around to advise in the effective use of power tools than hand tools. Also, certain (not all, of course) procedures can be done not only more quickly but also more accurately with the proper application of power tools (at least for those of us who are mere mortals); eg, I can do excellent scarfs by hand but am no longer willing to subject myself to the tedium involved. I can uniformly do more accurate joints more quickly with my router or belt sander and proper jigs.

To move on, there's no virtue in my doing a blow-by-blow replication of text written by someone more talented than myself. Therefore, I'm going to confine myself to a bit of highlighting and point out one area of disagreement.

The chapters on materials, glues, and reading plans contain a wealth of information. There's sufficient confusion as to what works best under what circumstance that the author's ability to clarify comes into its own here.

I'm pleased to see an actual application of the principles of lofting. It's not the horrific process it's been made out to be if done about properly. Also, being the first step in transforming the design into three dimensions, it's here that one can begin to develop a true feel of the boat as the designer intended it to be. I have only one caveat: DO NOT LOFT COMPONENTS (eg, station molds) FROM THE PLAN OFFSETS UNLESS YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN THE LINES HAVE BEEN FAIRED! Dave's have, so you're in safe territory with these designs, but you need to find out for sure ahead of time regardless of whose plans you're using. You have probably deduced that there was at least one time when I didn't follow my own advice. If so, you're dead on.

You'll note that Dave's specifications result in the construction of quite a substantial strongback and relatively closely spaced station molds. There are those around who suggest a more minimalist approach (ie, fewer and more widely spaced station molds). Bearing in mind that the thin plywood involved is inherently "floppy" and not all that easy to lay fair except on a truly accurate form, I wouldn't be swayed from following his advice. Most of my glued lapstrake experience involves using Tom Hill's approach as outlined in his *Ultralight Boatbuilding*. I've had excellent results following Tom's lead and expect the same following Dave's.

A truly neat inclusion is the chapter on accessories. Historically double paddle canoes were often fitted with downwind sails and Dave offers an excellent adaptation. I've a "fast bateau" design that's finished and ready for spring delivery. The sail rig Dave suggests seems just right for it and the customer has asked me to incorporate one into his boat. This I am more than happy to do and look forward to reporting on the results. I'd also recommend that the reader take a serious look at his *The Working Guide to Traditional Small Boat Sails*. It's fully as well written and illustrated as the volume under review here.

I do have to part company when it comes to recommending closet dowel shafts and plywood blades for double paddles. For a variety of reasons to do with wood selection in the first place and manufacturing process in the second (I, at one time, was foreman in a commercial woods products mill) dowel material is not a good choice for paddle construction because it doesn't allow for proper flex and balance when finished out and, because of grain structure, is subject to warping over time. In this one area only my recommendation is to look at other options.

An alternative I've made for myself and others is Eric Schade's Greenland style paddle. There are also plans available for the so-called Herreshoff style double paddle from Mystic Seaport and other sources. A very good replica is made by Shaw and Tenney. That being said, I don't regard this as issue as a defect so much as a difference of opinion.

In sum, *Lapstrake Canoes* is as close to a contemporary boat building classic as you're likely to come across. Buy yourself a copy soon!

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...



The Clearwater Festival (Great Hudson River Revival) will take place at Croton Point Park, Westchester County, New York, June 21 and 22. The festival continues to be a spectacular celebration with solar-powered stages, diverse performance arts, crafts, environmental exhibits, food, and Working Waterfront. The focus is the Hudson River. Working Waterfront is an ongoing feature of the Revival with many activities to get people on the water in small boats. Clearwater, founded on the water, wants to make festival attendees aware of our roots.

Working Waterfront will present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational, or commercial service. The boats and the grand sloop *Clearwater* will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails. A fleet of small boats will be available in which to messabout.

Messabout is a major Waterfront feature that gives owners, builders, and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join the boat people on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

If you desire to participate on the water with your boat or with an onshore boat-oriented demonstration, contact us.

Clearwater Festival, Poughkeepsie, NY, revival@clearwater.org; Stan Dickstein (845) 462-3113, dicksten@vh.net; Eric Russell (917) 446-5414.

Adventures & Experiences...

My 2008 Canoeing Adventure Revised

Having reported in the March issue my plans for my 2008 canoeing adventure, I have since learned from my outfitter that that trip to Quebec's Mistassibi River has been cancelled due to land transport arrangement problems and so I will, instead, be traveling further to the Yukon Territory.

The Liard River trip there begins in Caribou Lake, a high mountain lake nestled between the Cassiar and Pelly Mountains. The outlet of Caribou Lake is a small stream, just wide enough in places to get a canoe through. Once in the river proper it widens and braids making it a shallow, easy, clearwater river in which we will paddle, pole, and fish for nine days. The fishing is GREAT, we can float over pools and see the Arctic grayling and bull trout just waiting for some food to come floating by.

The early white explorers entered this vast wilderness roughly 160 years ago. Gold was discovered here about 125 years ago, even before the famous Klondike Gold Rush.

This is the "Land of the Midnight Sun" so the trip is planned for late August so as to have some darkness, obviously better for sleeping but also to have a chance to view the infamous "Northern Lights."

Our expedition will meet with a Canadian team in Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon Territory. We will spend the night before the trip in one of the best hotels in downtown Whitehorse and prepare ourselves for the expedition. On Day 1 we will drive to the float plane base and fly to Caribou Lake the following day to begin our Arctic journey. The next ten days will cover 135 miles to the take-out point at Liard Crossing on the Alaska Highway where a van will take us back to Whitehorse.

In August the weather should be warm and relatively dry (the Yukon only receives 13" of rain annually). It's like an Arctic desert but surrounded by mountains covered with spruce, willow, birch, and aspen.

I expect to bring readers my report on this trip in a fall issue.

Dick Winslow, Rye, NH



No More Florida

We sold our motor home a while back and bought a little 19' Dutchman Trailer that works fine for us. We hook it to the Blazer with two 12' kayaks on top and we're off. But with the cost of gas now, no more Florida!

We do the Adirondacks, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. Beautiful all! Last year we spent a week at Lake Umbagog between New Hampshire and Maine. Loved it! Great paddling, not only on the lake, but on rivers that empty into it. Spotted eagles' nests, too.

Fred Moller, Wells, VT

Canal Boat Memories

I very much enjoyed both the illustrations and the text of the 1887 *Century Magazine* New Jersey canal boat/yacht cruise, which reminded me of a snug evening aboard a larger canal boat/yacht conversion with a very salty French crew on the Seine River in suburban Paris in the late 1970s. Those people had "savoir faire" (Phil Weld's translation would have been "Moxie.") The music of choice that evening was a James Taylor album. He was, at that time, my Martha's Vineyard neighbor.

My other canal boat memory is growing up in New Jersey long after the canals dried up. It was fun in an automobile or on bicycle trips to trace the canal routes where the embankments occasionally survived and turned up in unexpected places.

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA

Information of Interest...

Hand Saw Nib

Reader Patrick Mehl asked about a handsaw nib in the January issue. R.A. Salaman's excellent *Dictionary of Woodworking Tools*, kind of a bible on these matters, says:

"Until recently a small notch was cut in the back of most hand saws a short distance from the toe, leaving a projecting tooth or "nib." Its purpose is not known but it may be a surviving vestige of decorative features to be found on 17th and 18th-century saws, especially in Scandinavian or Dutch tools of this period."

I've got a couple of nibbed saws myself. They're not uncommon.

Martin Gardner, Venice CA

Life Saver

I sure do appreciate checking the mail and finding another issue of *MAIB*. The column by frequent contributor C. Henry Depew, "From the Lee Rail," was once again informative and entertaining. His observations and suggestions regarding keeping warm and dry were well done.

Regarding deck boots and going overboard, I have gone a step further in the interest of safety. Surely there is added weight when going overboard should one's boots fill up with water. Climbing the stern ladder becomes cumbersome. I converted my boots to a "self-bailing" condition in only a few moments. Here's how.

I got out my trusty 18v drill and locked in a $\frac{1}{2}$ " bit and drilled some holes fore and aft (heel and toe) and also amidships (instep) in the sole to facilitate drainage. A bench test with a garden hose proved the effectiveness of this procedure. Yes, at first I was concerned about drilling these holes in my \$120 Helly-Hansens, but in the interest of safety if it saves just one life (mine) it is worth it.

Patrick Mehr, Old Town, FL



Save the Manatee® Club
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Adopt a Manatee for Mother's Day

Last year Rebecca Miller from Virginia adopted an endangered manatee for her mom for Mother's Day. "I knew my mom loved manatees and that she'd be pleased to receive a gift that would help them."

From the manatees featured in Save the Manatee Club's three Florida adoption programs, Rebecca chose Howie. The Club sent her mom an adoption certificate, a color photo of playful, popular Howie, his biography, and a fact-filled handbook. The adoption also included a subscription to the Club's quarterly newsletter, *The Manatee Zone*, and bi-monthly e-newsletter. This year for Mother's Day, each new member who joins the Adopt-A-Manatee program online for a \$35 tax deductible donation, will receive a colorful beaded bracelet with manatee charm along with a cute, plush 8" manatee. Give these to mom along with her manatee adoption or keep one, or both, for yourself!

The population of the slow-moving aquatic marine mammals is estimated to be about 3,000 concentrated year-round in Florida. Manatees are listed as endangered at the state, federal, and international levels. "A re-

cord number of manatee deaths in 2006 and a high level in 2007 is dismaying and unacceptable to Floridians and all those around the world who care about these unique and defenseless animals," said Patrick Rose, Executive Director of Save the Manatee Club.

The Club's Adopt-A-Manatee program helps to fund education and public awareness endeavors; research, rescue, rehabilitation, and release projects, and advocacy and legal efforts to help protect manatees and their habitat. Save the Manatee Club, a national, non-profit advocacy organization, was founded in 1981.

For more information about manatees and adopting one as a Mother's Day gift for all the moms you know, contact Save the Manatee Club at 500 N Maitland Ave, Maitland, FL 32751, call (800) 432-JOIN (5646), or visit our web site at www.savethemanatee.org where you can also sign up for the Club's free e-newsletter.

Opinions...

Dealing with Aging

Mr Bob Errico's comments on aging in his article on Page 56 of the March issue made me laugh out loud. I'm 54, maybe that "aging" concept will set in over the next year but I doubt it. Of course, I haven't been carrying pre-cut studs up extension ladders, either, as often as Bob has!

I'm into my third year of boat building courses at the Northwest School of Wooden Boat Building. Taking these courses is really refreshing. I get to relate to younger adults (and some much older than I) on a daily basis, listen to new music (some of which is dross, true), and learn a great deal about a subject I really didn't know too much about before I started the course, building wooden boats. I had the same experience in working with young adults while serving in the Navy, their enthusiasm and perspectives on life help immensely to keep one's attitude properly oriented. It has been a very positive experience in every respect.

I also enjoyed your editorial column, as I always do, about your barn and greenhouse arrangement. I hope to build something like this in the intermediate future somewhere and the solar gain idea through the greenhouse seems like a great idea. It seems like an even better idea when I am out in my current garage shop standing on the cold concrete as close to my chicken house heater as possible!

Parenthetically, I wonder if readers would mind sharing pictures and comments about their boat shops, what works and what doesn't?

Pete Leenhouts, Port Hadley, WA

Gutsiest Sailors Going

Congratulations on the monthly schedule. Economically wise and necessary. I am a retired typographer, printer, graphics art guy so I know what you are up against financially. The Post Office is a hungry beast, so are the paper men and printers. I like the monthly, it's a nice hefty read, the ads will come. I have been a reader for several years and the magazine seems to improve.

The article on the Glen-L people is a great service to them and to all your readers. The quality of the boats shown is as good as anything from *WoodenBoat* magazine. I like the folks from Chesapeake Light Craft and the British dinghy builders, epoxy, plywood

and copper wires, and to heck with tradition.

Your introduction of the English Dinghy Cruising Association is also a great move for all us little guys. They are the gutsiest sailors going. You don't need a 30-footer. I have been trying to locate makers of the Wayfarer and Mirror Dinghies, no luck so far. Can anyone advise?

Stanley T. Markocki, 97 Bar Beach Rd, Port Washington, NY 11050

DCA Outlook

One of the ways in which we sometimes describe the Dinghy Cruising Association is as a group of dinghy sailors who do without high tech gadgets and aids. We fear that there is no place for electronic equipment in a dinghy. Before someone writes to contradict me with menace, I hasten to add that, of course, many of us find GPS, echo sounders, not to say engines, extremely useful, enabling us to extend our cruising beyond bounds which would have limited us without them. Nevertheless, it is often thought that a boat, usually a large and expensive yacht, becomes handicapped into the need for emergency assistance because of electrics or engine failure.

I think most of us pride ourselves on being able to carry on by more primitive means. If the echo sounder fails we have a lead line and a sounding rod. We always take care to know our position by dead reckoning even if we have the luxury of a GPS. If the engine fails there are the ever-reliable oars, although I must confess that it was the breaking of an oar which put me aground on Dundrum Bar.

Now I plan my summer programme starting as early in the year as I wish. In former years I used to have to gather together paint, varnish, scrapers, and the rest of the gear as I prepared to spend several weeks of a cold spring lying in the mud under the boat or contorted under the decking to make sure it was seaworthy and the leaks under reasonable control. The wooden boat is so much more attractive than these modern plastic tubs, but at this time of year I am glad I have accepted the convenience of glass fibre. Like the gadgets, it has its considerable advantages.

Joan Abrams, Stockport, UK (Editorial in Spring 2008 issue of the DCA Newsletter)

Projects...

Working on Third Boat

I've built two small boats, a 15' sailboat and a 13' kayak. I'm currently working on a Bolger Cartopper. I look forward to each issue.

Harold Elrich, Davison, MI

This Magazine...

It's Glorious!

The new *Messing About* is glorious! Bigger and better! It's a very nice change. I understand your original reasons for the twice-monthly format as you explained in your Commentary. But I would quite often get two or three issues within a week or two so it didn't really matter. The postal shipping class caused it to be delivered at odd times. So timeliness became a non-issue as a result. It was fun to get all those issues at once but one big one keeps things simple.

I like it. I like it a lot. The lovely and talented Naomi is also in agreement. And she

can be stubborn when it comes to change. I'm also glad to hear that it will allow for some much deserved discretionary time. Time most likely to be used to catch up boat projects that have been on hold for some time.

Perhaps you will restore that Townie or build a boat from scratch! Or would you like to finish the Tomcat hull I'm going to be getting? I could bring it by. How about the skipjack? I could bring back *Dreamcatcher* for you to complete. She is about 50% at present. I wouldn't want to see you sitting around with all that free time and nothing to do. Just trying to help. The one thing about free time though is it's similar to boat shop space. No matter how much you have, it's never quite enough.

Enough foolishness. The new format is simply an improvement. I can't imagine any right-thinking, common sense person thinking otherwise. I hope you and Jane enjoy all the well-deserved free time the monthly format provides. By the way, the photo on the cover with those men out on the yard furling the sail was awesome. Actually the whole issue was most impressive. It had everything a Messer could want and more. It is clearly the best boating magazine of any sort out there. It never disappoints. Anyone who thinks otherwise is just numb. I just want to thank you and Jane for providing such a superior publication. I have no more words to explain all the pleasure and enjoyment it has provided us. More importantly, all the Messers we got to meet and hope to meet in the future.

In the words of Robb White, "Joy to you both! Happy sails!"

Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster, NY

Personally I Don't Like It As Well

I have been meaning to write before now to comment on your new and revised format, but I find that by withholding my comments to a later date they take on the air of those of a wise and profound thinker... not so... just lazy.

I am writing to comment on your going from 24 issues a year to 12. From my personal experience I believe that you have, by switching, enamored yourself to the distaff side. Now instead of 24 issues being scattered around the house in every room, my wife has only to contend with 12. Susan (my wife) says, "Yea, Bob!!!!"

Personally I don't like it as well. I used to have a warm fuzzy feeling twice a month and sometimes more frequently just thinking that something good was coming my way. Now it is just once a month and my wife wonders why I'm such a grouch. It's your fault!

I can appreciate the economy of the switch but I wonder if in the long run you will be ahead, loss of advertising revenue, the bread and butter of all publishing, including the internet will be diminished, only time will tell but I wish you well.

I can imagine that the lessening of the burden of preparing two articles a month by your regular contributors such as Bolger, The Constant Waterman, Beyond the Horizon, etc will be greatly appreciated, but if you find it necessary to go back to your former rhythms of publication it may take a big whip to get them back in line.

As an old time subscriber the price of a subscription is in the long run minor to the satisfaction and enjoyment I get from it. It would be a sad day for all of us if you should disappear.

Bob Archibald, Steinhatchee, FL

Editor Comments: The economies of the switch are positive, savings on postage and printing and production far exceed lost advertising income. This is not an advertiser-driven magazine, 75% of our income is from subscriptions. There will be no switch back to twice monthly as I am slowing down not speeding up.

Worth What It Costs

Pay no attention to the whiners. *Messing About in Boats* is the only boat magazine that is worth what it costs! I have subscribed to lots of boat magazines over the years and now I'm down to only two. When I can no longer afford two, *MAIB* is the one I'll keep. I hope you continue to publish for another 25 years. Thanks for your efforts

John Wilhelm, Springerville, AZ

Enjoyed "Ardea's Journal"

I greatly enjoyed Harry Mote's "Ardea's Journal" in the January issue. In addition to the enjoyment of his writing I also indulged in nostalgia, for when I was a kid I summered on Treadwell's Island just upriver from Little Neck.

Dick Fellows, Lutherville, MD

Part of His Life

I, like many of your readers, have come to think of *MAIB* as a part of my life. I know that you credit your contributors for the success of the magazine but without your efforts it wouldn't happen. Thank you for your continuing interest and passion.

Paul Breeding, Broomfield, CO

Improvement Not Needed

The new format is fine with me, I'm surprised you hadn't done it before what with postage taking up such a big proportion of the cost. My only concern is that you will stop altogether. The magazine is a treasure because of what you put into it. Just keep running it the way you always have, the last thing it needs is "improvement".

Jim Wilson, Easton, CT

Fat Issue Doesn't Quite Make Up for the Joy of Two Issues a Month

While the satisfaction of receiving a fat issue doesn't quite make up for the joy of receiving two issues a month I can understand the exigencies involved and admire you for biting the bullet. All I can say by way of criticism is "keep up the good work!"

John deGroot, Lancaster, PA

Feels Like a Magazine

Why I like the new *MAIB*: Now it feels like a magazine, giving me a whole month in which to enjoy it. As it was a new one would come before I had finished the previous one and I felt guilty knowing it was waiting there unfinished. Silly, I know, but that's how it was.

Having just retired from 38 years in the monthly magazine business I know how a 12 issue year makes more sense both economically and efficiently. Mailing costs today are astronomical, the average person has no idea, and they keep on rising.

I really liked that recent story by the folksy guy who told us all about his Florida cruise in a little cabin boat during the winter. I LIVED with him!

Dick Schneider, Rye, NY

Retired Without Incident

Having retired after many years as a licensed mariner I have discovered the joys of messing about. Each month I read "Beyond the Horizon" and am thankful that I was able to retire without incident worthy of Hugh Ware's diligent reports.

Thank you for the effort put into each issue, I read each cover to cover and find it very relaxing to read a few articles before sleeping.

Joe Fitzgerald, Brooklyn, NY

Lean, Mean Reading Experience

The new monthly issue arrived just in time for the MLK holiday weekend and it was perfect, cold and dark outside and warm and well lit inside. I enjoyed the thicker "more is good" format. I always wondered how you kept up with the twice a month schedule. Enjoy your new relaxed schedule.

MAIB always delivers more content than any other publication I receive. An old Journalism 101 exercise was to take *Time* or *Newsweek* and use the first copy to separate articles from advertising on the odd pages and repeat with the second copy on the even pages and then compare the piles of ads vs content and be surprised at how little content was in an issue. Not true with *MAIB*, it is a lean, mean reading experience.

I am quite curious about adding an outrigger to my Eskimo 17 kayak. I like the CLC sail rig but the cost of the kit is too high for me. I do think the Eskimo could really fly with a sail rig. I wonder if some other readers have tried fitting sails/outriggers to fiberglass kayaks?

John Callahan, 16 Kimberly Ln, Dunstable, MA 01827

Made It into the Wall Street Journal

Congratulations, you made it into the *Wall Street Journal*, sort of. The enclosed cartoon should be enlarged and hung in your office, or better yet shared with all your readers.

John Parks, Sacramento, CA

Editor Comments: Getting permission to reprint the cartoon from the *Wall Street Journal* is an unlikely prospect but it lends itself to a brief verbal description: A guy at his office desk is talking into an ordinary desk top phone saying, "I don't have email and I don't have a fax. This is it!"

Much Appreciated

I've been a happy subscriber for probably close to 10 years by now, still a boat-less armchair messer, but enjoying every new issue. Somehow I never got around to writing though. High time for a note to let you know *MAIB* is much appreciated.

Good to know that the financial situation of the magazine has improved with the recent move to monthly publication while giving you a little more freedom in your personal life. I think this is a great solution and I hope the postage and other cost factors will stay flat for a while. Please let us readers know if not, you may be surprised how much we value *MAIB* and I'm sure a modest, well-documented price increase would be acceptable to most.

Wolf Bartz, Chelmsford, MA & Stonington, ME

An Unusual Boat

I enjoyed your article on the Hobie Tri. What an unusual boat. I would like to try one sometime. They sell them on the Texas coast, maybe I'll drop down there and take a look, just out of curiosity.

Joe Bohnaker, El Paso, TX

Amazed at the Quality of the Writing

Along with the enclosed renewal for my brother's subscription I wanted to let you know what a wonderful magazine *MAIB* really is. In a society that seems to be so compartmentally specialized I never cease to be amazed at the quality of the writing submitted by your readers.

Jon DeGroot, Davison, MI

Likes Cape Cod Articles

I really enjoy the magazine. I grew up in Massachusetts oh so many years ago and especially like any stories located on Cape Cod. Brings back memories from my childhood there.

Dave Tangen, Great Falls, MT

In Memoriam...

Charles Bradley Raynor

Many readers who attended the small craft meets at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, every June and at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, every October who recall Chuck Raynor, the tall, congenial guy in the yachting cap so full of enthusiasm for all the small boats, will be saddened to learn that Chuck passed away in February. Despite increasing disabilities, Chuck managed to get to both meets last year with help from friends, depending heavily on a cane but still cruising the docks and celebrating small boats amongst friends. One such friend, Hugh Melton of Richmond, sent on this obituary to share with you:

"Chuck" Raynor, 77, of Richmond, Virginia, widower of Beverley Jewett Raynor, passed away Sunday, February 17, 2008. He was the former owner of Alarm Security Company. He is survived by two daughters, Leslie Albertson and Adele Raynor; two grandchildren, Stephen Albertson and Beverley Albertson; two brothers, Ken Raynor and Sinclair Raynor; one sister, Evie Carl; and his special friend, Ruth Anna Langdon. Mr Raynor was a graduate of the University of Virginia and was an Army veteran, having served in the Korean War. He was a longtime member of All Saints Episcopal Church, a life member and past Commodore of the Fishing Bay Yacht Club, a member of the Richmond Power Squadron, the Richmond Jazz Society, and the Richmond Rotary Club. Mr Raynor was an avid sailor and participant in the world of wooden boats from the Chesapeake Bay to Maine. A memorial service was held Friday, February 22, at All Saints Episcopal Church. In lieu of flowers, contributions may be made to the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, 1108 E Main St, Suite 1600, Richmond, Va. 23219.



Metinic Island, looking south, with a good view of the houses on the north end, No'theast Point is to the left.

What a romantic place for a young couple to set up housekeeping I thought at the time. It was the spring of 1949 and I was 18 years old and newly married. My husband Harold (nicknamed Dynamite) was 21. We had moved from a cottage on Spruce Head Island to Dynamite's little cabin at the northern end of Metinic Island near the western side of the mouth of Penobscot Bay. Dynamite was a lobsterman.

Our home was one room, about 12'x12' with an upstairs. This was the first time I had ever been inside. It was furnished with a black iron sink, one cupboard, a couch, and a small stove with a top surface about 2' square. There was an inside cement chimney with beach rocks pressed into it. Dynamite said he built it.

I thought at the time, "My new husband is artistic, innovative, creative, and self-sufficient. I did all right, I married a winner."

There were three other houses on the northern end of the island, no trees for shel-

Amy Rackliff and Dynamite Payson in 1948, just before they were married and not long before Amy got her first look at Metinic Island.



Metinic on My Mind

By Amy Rackliff Payson

ter, and an old oxen barn that was in a bad state of repair. Our cabin was the farthest away (about 100 yards) from the one freshwater spring. After school closed for the year Walter and Florence Post and their daughters Edith, age 12, and Madeline, age 7, moved into one of the other houses.

We had no radio communication with the mainland so we relied on the fishermen who came out from the mainland every day, or every other day, to haul their lobster traps. Dynamite nailed a small flagpole to the peak of the cabin, we would fly a square of white cloth as a signal for a passing fisherman to stop by our cove and give us a ride to the mainland. We had a red flag to signal an emergency.

I was always ready for something new. One night Walter Post invited Dynamite and me to go out in his lobsterboat and "torch" herring. Walter had made a small chickenwire basket with rags inside and attached it to a long pole. He soaked the rags with kerosene, lit them on fire, and held the torch just above the water. If we were lucky a school of herring would be attracted to the light and we could scoop them up with a dip net. That first night we didn't get any, but when we were rowing in from the lobsterboat I saw something much more exciting. As Dynamite's oars dipped in the water "sparks" appeared in the swirl. I put my hand in the water and moved it around and watched the phosphorescence, something I had never seen before, with amazement.

I was amazed by other things. One afternoon at low tide Dynamite had me rowing around while he looked for a lobster's claws sticking out beneath a rock. He would dangle a bait bag full of salted bait on a string to entice the lobster, then take out a pair of homemade wooden tongs and grab it. Another afternoon I was looking out the cabin window and saw Dynamite gaffing a half dozen or so dogfish, small, gray sharks, into his boat. After a few minutes he tossed the fish back overboard. When he came ashore I asked him why he was doing that. "Letting dogfish clean my boat," he said. Dogfish have sandpaper-like skin. When they thrashed around in the bottom of the boat they would scrape off the herring grease and green algae that accumulated from hauling traps.

Life on the island could be quite routine, the same as any household, except that here we also had to lug water and gather driftwood for fuel, but I don't ever remember being bored. Sometimes I went to haul with Dynamite and I most always helped fill the next day's bait bags for the traps. There was good visibility from our cabin and lots of activity to watch. There was a flock of about 106 sheep on the island and they were always present, following the same beaten path single file that sheep must have followed for hundreds of years.

There were always lobsterboats hauling in close to shore and farther out, still in sight, on Green Point Shoal east of Metinic. The tide was always coming or going. Freighters or other workboats, always a lot of sardine carriers, were going or coming up channel, but not as many sailboats as there are now. There were humpback whales traveling between our beach and Wheeler's Rock, just a short way to the west. Sometimes I'd be lucky

and be with Dynamite hauling in his 16' boat around the Rock when a whale would pass by. There was always exploring to be done around the shore to see what might have washed up. No'theast Point was my favorite place to look and the east beach was close enough to the camps for a quick trip. Sometimes after a storm we would find lobsters buried beneath the debris of rope, seaweed, rocks, and shattered traps. Often all that was left of a new oak trap would be one bow with perhaps a knitted head hanging from it.

One afternoon Dynamite was gone for awhile. Later I discovered that he had carved my name and the date 1949 near the rock that carried my great-uncle John Foster's initials and the date 1851. John Foster and my great-grandparents had lived on Metinic year round. They would row a dory across channel, a distance of about five miles, to Spruce Head on the mainland for provisions.



Top: The author's great-uncle carved his initials and the date on this shoreside boulder.

Bottom: Dynamite carved his wife's name and date on a boulder nearby.



Dynamite hauled his traps from a 16' rowboat. It was a bit small to run back and forth to the mainland so we rode to Spruce Head, usually with Walter and Florence Post. We went once a week to sell our lobsters, do laundry, buy groceries, and catch up on mainland news. We sold our lobsters in Rockland. We transported them in wooden crates by pick-up truck from Spruce Head to Rackliff & Witham Lobster Co, located next to the Rockland Chamber of Commerce building. On average we got less than a pound of lobsters per trap. A crate full of lobsters weighed about 130 pounds.

Our evenings on the island were spent playing checkers or reading by Aladdin lamp or gasoline lantern. Sometimes we would visit Walter and Florence. On warm and calm evenings Walter, Florence, Edith, and Madeline would join us on the beach and we would watch the lighthouses turn on their lights. We could see Tenants Harbor, Whitehead, Two Bush, Owls Head, Matinicus, and occasionally Monhegan from where we sat. If it was especially quiet we would light a tiny driftwood fire.

The following year brought change. We had a new baby boy, David, and bought an outboard motor. I washed diapers every day,

heating up water for the job on our tiny wood stove. We also decided to have a garden, and with that flock of wild sheep on the island we found out real quick we had to fence it. We drove stakes and strung ropes for a fence. The sheep jumped over the top. We made the fence higher. The sheep jumped over that. We gave up the idea of having a garden.

Oh yes, that other sheep problem, NO ONE went barefooted.

Once a summer, Rackliff & Witham, owners of the northern end of the island, hired a sheep shearer and the fishermen on the northern end helped round up the sheep to be sheared. They brought along friends and relatives to help drive the sheep into a corral. Metinic is about two-and-a-half miles long and about a half-mile wide. The northern end has only a fringe of trees, the rest being cleared fields. My position in the drive was to guard the corner of the fence nearest the houses to keep the sheep from going around the end and back to the woods. With a good crew and a little luck we could get them all. It would take the shearer about two days to shear the sheep, using power shears driven by a Briggs & Stratton engine.

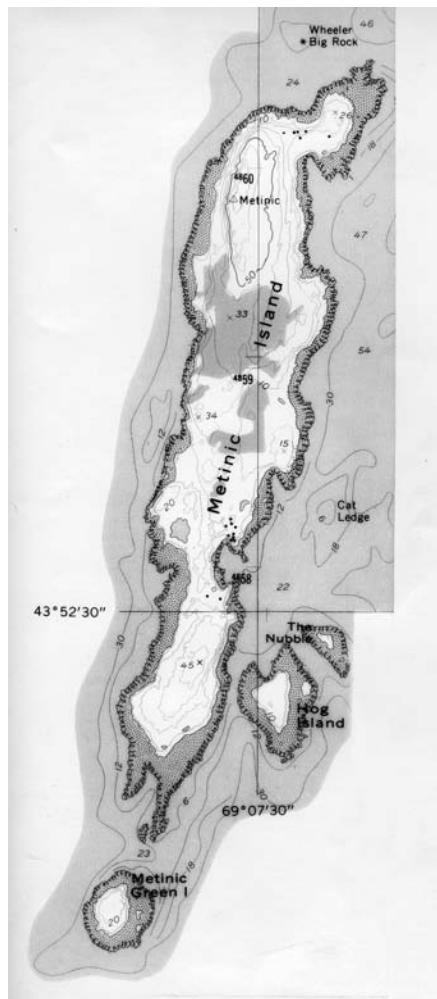
Every fall the sheep would have to be rounded up again to remove the rams. Their legs would be tied and we would lug them down the beach, load them into a dory, and then into Edgar Post's lobsterboat which would take them to the mainland and return with a new ram for breeding. Cleaning up the boat afterwards was a job in itself.

One summer day we took a ride to the mainland and came back late in the afternoon with a crate of herring cuttings for lobster bait. Of course it was low tide. That goes with island living. Ask any islander, they will tell you it is always low water when you have a load of heavy stuff to lug up over a beach. Dynamite lifted the crate and hurt his back. It didn't cause him pain until the next day.

The next day, beautiful and calm, turned out to be a weather breeder, the forerunner of a hurricane. The fishermen from the southern end of the island came by to say they were all leaving but Dynamite and I, being young and adventuresome (maybe foolish), decided we would stay behind and hope the storm might miss us.

I spent the following day putting hot towels on Dynamite's lame back and washing our baby's diapers. Lo and behold the hurricane came with full force. The wind and waves were fierce, the noise was constant. The diapers on the line blew straight out with only the very tips fluttering. I had finished packing Dynamite's back, baby David was having a nap, and guess what I wanted to do? I wanted to walk around No'theast Point to watch the full force of the storm. Dynamite let me go on one condition, that I not go near the water under any circumstances, no matter what I saw washing in.

That walk around the point was one of the most exhilarating of my life. The east side of Metinic has no protection from the full force of the seas and the breakers there were about 20' high. The surge ran in about 10' to 15' and then the undertow rolled the beach rocks over and over with a roaring noise like the sound of giants bowling in their own private alley. The air was filled with the sharp smell of salt. Waves were rolling up and breaking over Green Point Shoal which at low tide is under about 17' of water. Lobster gear, caught in the fury, had become tangled together. There were clusters of as many as



Metinic is the closest in of the outlying Monhegan-Matinicus-Metinic trio of islands, but isolated nonetheless.

20 or 30 lobster trap buoys, all different colors, looking like bouquets of flowers.

During the night the wind was blowing so hard that Dynamite said our small cabin would probably blow over, so we took baby David and our bedding and moved into another camp that was lower posted and tucked behind another, larger house. Lo and behold, in the morning we were still there, all the houses were still there, even the tall outhouse that took the full force of the wind was still there.

The next year we decided we needed a new outhouse. Getting to the tall, skinny one-holer on the point was more of a trek than we cared to make so Dynamite built a lower two-holer nearer the camp about 10' from the bank. Before we could use it, though, the fall winds started to blow and we moved ashore to the mainland ("to America" as the fishermen sometimes put it).

When Dynamite went back to the island the new outhouse was on its side, so he just stood it up again a little way farther from the edge of the bank. After another gale he found it blown over the bank, resting on its roof "holes up" amid a pile of rocks at the high tide line. He rolled it back up on the bank a good 30' or so from the edge, figuring that that would surely outsmart nature. Nature, however, wasn't to be outsmarted. Came the next blow and our new outhouse, never once used, was GONE, disappeared without a trace.

Meanwhile, the skinny old original outhouse out on the point, exposed to every wind, never budged an inch. So Dynamite got down on all fours, peeked under it, and found the reason why real quick. The old island carpenters knew what they were doing. There were two round posts about 6" in diameter buried deep in the island soil, they were bolted to the six-by-six framing the outhouse was built on. They told the whole story of why that skinny old one-holer and the rest of the houses out there in the open on the northern end of Metinic had withstood the gales over the years, including the devastating hurricane of 1938 and the nasty one we stayed through.



The skinny old outhouse out on the point.

Metinic is rock bound, yes, but the half-moon beach allows for an easier landing than one might expect.



Visitors were not very common out there on the island. When the fishermen came to haul their lobster traps, if they came straight toward the beach and not toward the beginning of a string of traps, I would reach for my spyglass to see if they had a skiff onboard to transport passengers ashore. Actually, with my spyglass I could tell who the fisherman was and how many people he had aboard nearly as soon as he left Spruce Head, about a 30-40 minute run for the usual lobsterboat.

Visitors were always a treat. One afternoon the 65' dark green and black sardiner *Njorth* dropped ashore and the captain, Bertie Simmons, and his six-man crew from Port Clyde came ashore. Everybody just barely fit into our small cabin. One of the crew brought a guitar and we had an impromptu party.

The *Njorth* was purse seining for schools of mackerel and we were invited on board. While we were there a school of mackerel was spotted and we stayed on for the action. We watched as the seine boat encircled the school at full throttle and as the net with floats on one end and weights on the other went flying out over the stern. The crew "pursed," or gathered, the bottom of the net and then went over and loaded the fish aboard the *Njorth*. It was fresh mackerel for supper that night for us.

In May 1951 a second son, Neil, was born on the mainland. We moved back to Metinic for the summer on the Fourth of July. I was watching my newborn baby asleep in his clothesbasket bed being lowered from the wharf with hooks on the ends of ropes, the same rig as used to lower tubs of bait. An unsettling experience? Of course it was and of course it was at low tide. We arrived just in time for a picnic that Walter and Florence and friends were having to celebrate the Fourth.

This time we moved into what was known as the Big House. It had been moved

many years before by oxen from the top of the hill, which was 78' above sea level, to where it is still located to this day. It was part of the original house that my great-grandparents, Captain John and Caroline Foster had lived in for several years. They lived there year round with my grandmother Emily and her brothers John, Frank, William, and Charles to help with the farming, hay mowing, and fishing. It was situated beside our "honeymoon cabin," closer to the spring and closer to the skinny old outhouse.

With diapers for two babies to wash every day I decided to do all the other washing out on the island, too, instead of lugging it in to the mainland dirty and out clean. The sun sure did its job bleaching everything and we had plenty of wind to dry it. We had reclaimed an old well, Dynamite's brother-in-law Edgar Post helped us line it with tiles and now, at last, we had clear, cold water closer to the house.

Before then we had no refrigeration but we had buried an old metal ten-gallon milk container in the shade of the house that "almost" kept meat for a day or two. It did keep our butter firm and our milk sweet for two or three days. The rest of the week we lived from cans and drank powdered milk. For the Big House we bought an icebox refrigerator. We got ice for it from the icemaking machine at the lobster buying station, they used fine chips of ice for packing their lobsters to be shipped out of state. We hauled ice out every week, it was worth the effort to be able to keep our food longer.

There was another community of houses on the southern end of Metinic and since they had a generating plant, Luelia Post would bring in ice cream. For a treat, Dynamite would get Edith Post to walk down there and bring back a pint every so often for us.

One afternoon Dynamite went down the west side to haul and I was in the process of getting the boys ready for bed. I seldom walked by a window without looking out, and this time I saw an empty oil tanker, riding high, coming down Two Bush Channel. Next time I looked the tanker was coming straight for us. She had failed to make the required turn at Two Bush light that would have kept her in the channel, well to the westward of our island. Dynamite was out there hauling in his small boat and I thought it might run him down. The empty tanker loomed nearly as high as our house on the edge of a high bank and was still coming. She was just outside Wheeler's Rock, seemingly no more than a stone's throw from our house, and was disappearing fast around the northwest head of the island, headed straight for Long Beach.

I grabbed David under one arm and Neil under the other, they were both in pajamas and barefooted, and ran as fast as I could down the west side, expecting any moment to hear the grinding crash of metal on rock as this Goliath piled up on the beach. Just as I rounded the bluff someone on the tanker must have come to in shocked surprise, for just in the nick of time she swung in a hard, tight turn away from the island towards Metinic Island Ledge buoy, the channel, and safety.

Another time, Metinic had a different eerie surprise in store for us. In the winter-time we lived ashore in South Thomaston. There was an ugly, full-grown St Bernard dog in our neighborhood that had bitten a child in the face, fortunately not disfiguring her for life, but the children were warned to stay away from her at all times. She would growl, bark, and bristle at anyone coming in the neighbor's yard. The neighbor was dreading the day when the dog would attack again. Not having the service of a vet to put her to sleep, the neighbor asked Dynamite to shoot the dog, which he did mercifully with a 30-30 rifle between the eyes.

Disposing of the body without the children seeing wasn't as easy but Dynamite managed to load her aboard our pick-up truck while I distracted the kids. There is a stone wharf just down the road from our home and, with a going tide, it was just the place for a burial at sea. Dynamite said a few choice words in parting because the wharf piling nearly let go, almost dropping both of them into the swift tide.

The following midsummer on Metinic, while taking a walk, I found on the beach below our camp the skull of a large stubnosed dog with a 30-30 hole neatly between the eyes. It could easily have washed up anywhere in the bay or anywhere else on the island and gone unnoticed, but it didn't. Neither Dynamite nor I are superstitious so we passed it off as just another eerie island happening. But you have to wonder.

After a hurricane hit Metinic or passed out to sea, the seas on the east side and No'theast Point were constantly pounding in. One day Walter and Dynamite weren't able to haul their traps because of the rough weather, so we were all down on our front beach listening to the waves crashing on the opposite side of the island. Walter, a gentle, quiet person who always seemed to take everything in stride, seldom complaining, was leaning against the form he used to build his traps. It was nailed on the side of our bait house. Someone said that the rough weather seemed to come up all of a sudden.

"ROUGH," Walter said, "this place is always ROUGH!" With that last "rough" down came the trap form and Walter was dumped on the beach rocks. We all laughed as soon as we determined he wasn't hurt and told him the island was getting even.

It was the rough weather that finally sent Dynamite to fish calmer waters. When he would return to the island after a storm and find that out of 100 traps set only 19 were left, and feel fortunate to have found even that many, we knew our island time was getting short.

The day before Hurricane Carol struck at the end of August 1954 we spent with the Post family, bringing in as many traps as we could, dragging them one at a time up the beach, and piling them in a safe spot. It was very slow and hard work.

We were late leaving Metinic. It was just twilight and the lighthouses were just turning on. The air was warm, the water was calm, not even any seas running, typical conditions just before a storm. A tug-boat was coming down Two Bush Channel. The red light on the tug's port side was just showing, then the white light, and finally the green light on the starboard side. We had passed ahead of the tug's course and were safe. It was a beautiful night.

The next day Hurricane Carol struck in all its fury. Though we were snug on the mainland we still lost our lights and phone for about three or four days but it never seemed like a hardship. Carol was followed by Hurricane Edna less than two weeks later. When we returned to Metinic all the cabins, including the skinny outhouse, were just the way we had left them, but some of the heavy, wet soaked traps, stacked only three high, had blown down from the banking and were awash in the rough surf.

We moved off the island for good in 1956 with the promise from Nate Witham, co-owner of the northern end, that we could always go back there to fish if we wanted to. Later on, in 1963 and 1964, we and our third child, Joy (born in October 1957), lived in another one-room cabin on Green Island, a dot of a place nestled between Otter and Dix islands in the beautiful Muscle Ridge chain. Dynamite fished for lobster around Green, Otter, and Oak islands. Fishing the inner islands had its benefits, calmer waters, more visitors, and a feeling of security by being nearer the mainland. Dynamite still fished in a small boat with an outboard and with it we could go ashore any time we wanted to sell our lobsters or pick up supplies. Yet it was the lack of these very same benefits that gave Metinic its charm.

Dynamite lived as a single man on Metinic for three years, then we lived there together for seven. They were the most exciting, fulfilling, and enjoyable years of our lives.

(Amy Rackliff Payson lives with her husband of 55 years, Harold "Dynamite" Payson, in South Thomaston, Maine.)

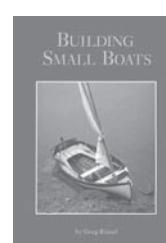
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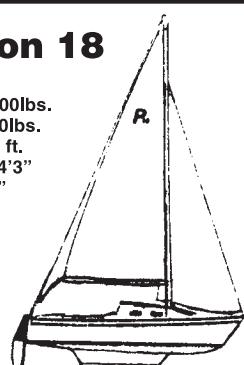
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One summer in the '50s I took a 600-mile cruise through the rivers and canals of Belgium, Holland, and Germany to Denmark. My good companion, the *Friend*, was an 18' kayak or sailing canoe which I had built in San Francisco. She was an excellent choice, inexpensive, comfortable, and able. Her rugged 32" wide hull was molded of fiberglass reinforced plastic and decked with $\frac{1}{8}$ " mahogany plywood. She carried a handy 24sf spritsail for use with favorable wind and had Styrofoam flotation built into her bow and stern.

It was to be the雨iest summer on record but good equipment and friendly people minimized this inconvenience. I had not yet learned to travel light so was burdened with a hundred pounds of gear. There was no tent at first although eventually I acquired a light German model. Instead of cooking the plan was to eat in a restaurant once a day or so relying on bread, cheese, and fruit for the other two meals. Various unscheduled events such as a tow, a favorable breeze, or an isolated camping spot caused many hot meals to be missed but I was never hungry.

In Antwerp I left the American freighter that had brought my boat and myself from New York and bucked into a stiff headwind on the gray Schelde River. Entering the lock into the Albert canal, the 65-mile highway to Holland, I was surprised to see the elderly lock keeper reading the latest *Saturday Evening Post*.

While we discussed routes to Denmark the young skipper of a 400-ton Dutch tanker came in and I was soon invited to be his guest as far as the Dutch border. We had a bit of a language problem but it was more of a challenge than a handicap. Skipper Hans introduced me to his mate George as we lifted the *Friend* aboard their vessel, the *Agate*. She was of riveted iron construction with a lively sheer, bluff ends, and almost no freeboard when loaded. Living quarters were comfortable with the mate forward and skipper aft. Spotless carpets were not dirtied by shoes because the wooden klompen worn ashore and on deck were always left at the wheelhouse door.

Underway it was fascinating to watch the skill with which the unwieldy craft was snubbed around corners and fended off with small wooden fenders in tight places. All lines were of flexible wire requiring expert handling to heave, belay, and snub on the large, oversized bitts. We tied up on the outskirts of Antwerp that evening and I retired to my cozy stateroom which was finished in varnished mahogany and birch. Hans had explained that there was plenty of room for me because his wife had stayed at home this trip to have their first baby.

The next day's travel was through intensively farmed low country studded with brick farmhouses and quiet villages. In contrast, the canal was busy with commercial craft traveling at about five knots. They were usually self-propelled but many large barges of over 1,000 tons were towed by pocket-sized tugs. The flags were mostly Belgian and Dutch with a few German, Swiss, and French. All were well maintained, having shiny black hulls, white or varnished deckhouses, and brightly colored trim.

At dusk we stopped for the night at the village of Beemingen where we swung ashore to the sloping canal bank on one of the long booms used to handle hose. Supplies were purchased at the butcher, baker, and grocery shops which were small rooms in the

Water Wandering in the Low Countries

By Dick Newick



Who? How? Where? Why?

Dick Newick was 28 years old in 1954 when he started wandering on the water to see and experience how others were designing, building and using small craft. He had spent three years in the Navy during WWII but, alas, only six days at sea. After the war he got a piece of paper from a university to show his mother that he had a formal (but rather limited) education.

He then operated a small boat shop in Eureka, California, the kind of thing he had wanted to do since designing and building a kayak at age 12. That lasted four years until the Korean War disrupted supplies. He closed the shop and worked as a volunteer in Mexico with the American Friends Service Committee for a year, then worked in a boat business in San Francisco to save some money and, in spare time, build a 17' kayak to take to New York on top of his pick-up, thence to Antwerp on a freighter, where this story of water wandering begins.

proprietors' homes. We then spent a pleasant evening at a tiny bar where Ana and Mia, the owner's daughters, were impressed with the skipper and his handsome mate. They hardly looked at the dumb foreigner who spoke virtually no Flemish, French, Dutch, or German. At 2am we were the last customers so mama invited us into the cozy kitchen for bread and broth before we returned to the boat along the quiet canal banks under a sky shared by a bright moon and heavy clouds.

At dawn we got underway quickly. George, in shirt sleeves, ignored the gentle rain and scrubbed everything on deck with soap and water. I found the steering tricky with the long, narrow craft always ready to take advantage of the least inattention. While I steered Hans described life on the canals where he had first served seven years as mate to qualify as skipper. His captain's salary was about \$100 a month and prices were somewhat lower than in the United States. He seemed quite satisfied with his life, transporting fuel oil all over central Europe.

As the canal entered a deep cut in the hills near the border I stowed my gear, launched the *Friend*, and bade farewell to the *Agate*'s hospitable crew. Soon I entered the Juliana Canal in a dreary rain but I was feeling snug and smug as I paddled along, much more comfortable than I could have been in any other small boat. With good equipment even a rainy day can be surprisingly pleasant.

At the little border station I tied up astern of the *Bram*, a 20' flat-bottomed Dutch sailing pram with large leeboards tucked up

and an outboard motor clamped to the stern. Corrie deKeyzer, one of her crew, helped me through the border formalities which were so few that I wondered if I had entered Holland illegally. At tea in the *Bram*'s charming 50-year-old cabin I met Mr and Mrs Kroon who, with Corrie, were returning from a vacation trip to France.

To their questions about my plans I could only say that I had arranged to have my mail sent to Copenhagen and was headed that way on a leisurely voyage. They thought it an unusual way for an American tourist to travel, whereupon I explained that as a boat builder one of my purposes was to study European small craft. I was trying not to be just a tourist.

The *Bram* towed me the few miles to Maastricht where we tied up at the Water-sport Club near the municipal park. The park was a fairyland of delightful effects as colored indirect lights played on the foliage and flowers. After supper aboard *Bram* and coffee in a sidewalk cafe I slept aboard the *Friend*, pulled out on a float, cramped but dry.

The next morning the *Bram* overtook me and again offered a tow to the next lock. Here I decided to sail and reluctantly parted from my new friends. Their boat, massively built of oak and completely varnished, was a pretty picture even without her rig. Pram bow, leeboards, and mast tabernacle look strange to American eyes but these products of long evolution should not be hastily cast aside in our modern search for practical small cruising craft.

Sailing was impractical behind the high canal banks so I soon returned to the double paddle. Young children, bicycles, dogs, and drying laundry aboard the passing vessels testified to the family life aboard. In the locks I discovered that my purchase of a horn in Antwerp was unnecessary. Instead of blowing I waited quietly until the lock was full of commercial craft. Then the local master would wave us in just as the massive doors swung shut.

There was always room for the *Friend* but care was necessary to prevent a fatal squeeze from my larger lock mates as we were effortlessly raised or lowered 10' or 20'. Small pleasure craft were not charged for the use of the waterways but the skippers of the larger yachts often tipped the lock attendants.

After a dull day of paddling I was happy to enter the Maas River with its varied scenery and helping current. I paddled late in the long, northern, summer evening and spent the night under a concrete loading ramp. When morning came it was hard to roll out of my dry sleeping bag to start downriver in a driving rain. *Friend* shot downwind and downstream at maximum hull speed under a full spread of sail. This soon felt unsafe so I unshipped the sprit, tied the peak of the sail to the gooseneck (a practical arrangement), and continued reefed, but still at top speed.

After roaring past several villages and riverside inns I started thinking about hot food and an open fire. I landed and explored a muddy British army engineers' camp where I talked to several men who were building a military bridge. They recommended the Ferryhouse Inn at the village of Well, a mile downstream, where I found a room, an open fire, and hot water for a bath. The hostess introduced me to her other guests, Mr and Mrs Renckins and their pretty daughter who were vacationing from The Hague. They spoke excellent English and we found much to talk about and to explore in the neighborhood.

A one-day visit with these pleasant folk was not enough and another gray dawn made it easy to decide to stay over Sunday. Until the war-ruined church could be rebuilt, services were being held in the barn of an ancient castle. Its interior, with a network of giant oak beams overhead, seemed a natural setting in which to worship a Man with a divine nature who started life in similar surroundings.

After attending church with the Renckins I enjoyed watching the local farmers stop at the inn for a glass of beer, a game of cards or billiards, and the local gossip. Later many Dutch and English soldiers came in for a jolly evening of song.

Early Monday I paid my bill of less than \$5 and started downstream under a cloudy sky, bucking a stiff headwind. At the next lock food supplies were replenished at a floating store where I met the skipper of the tug *Nelly* who gave me a ride. After spending a lazy afternoon with his pleasant family in their snug wheelhouse I left them rather hurriedly above the lock at Nijmegen while the lock keeper waited for me to squeeze in. Then came a slow, two-mile paddle up the wide and swift Waal River to the city.

Here I met Hans and Herman, two enthusiastic young members of the Nijmegen Kayak Club, who invited me to spend the night in their clubhouse, an old sailing barge. It was surrounded by about 50 brightly painted kayaks, more than I had ever seen in one place, an indication that the Dutch know a fine type of craft when they see it.

In the morning the boys helped me shop in their ancient city and showed me their flat bottom boats built of $\frac{1}{2}$ " soft wood. The larger ones were often fitted with sail and daggerboard. Hans and Herman paddled with me a short distance up the busy river but could not keep up when *Friend* started sailing. Fortunately a strong following wind enabled me to make slow progress close to the bank out of the main current so that I soon turned the bend into the lower Rhine. Here were many vessels, some as large as 1,500 tons, which ran between the coastal ports and Switzerland.

It was only a few quick miles down to the entrance of the smaller and more winding Ijssel River where I stopped at a village to watch farm families take advantage of a rare dry day and the long summer evening to do the haying. Almost everyone in the small towns smiled and greeted me. Perhaps my gray cotton slacks and plaid woolen shirt marked me as a foreigner. Most men wore either a suit jacket or working coveralls. Wooden shoes were not something to be sold to tourists. They were used afloat and ashore, every place but in the large towns. It was an odd sight to see a farmer or boatman in modern dress astride a shiny bicycle with his feet encased in clumsy looking klompen.

After a night under a tree in a riverside pasture I awoke looking into the soft brown eyes of several curious cows. A damp fog burned off during the morning as I lazily drifted toward Zutphen where the important railroad bridge led a charmed life as the target of Allied bombers during the war. The

town's business district had not been so lucky and destruction was heavy. I shaved and ate at the new railroad station, then talked with several yachtsmen in the attractive willow-shaded harbor while tea was being served aboard a 20' sloop. Although I only learned a few words of Dutch, language was never a serious barrier as the friendly people often spoke English. Otherwise we relied on smiles and gestures.

Here I left the interesting and helpful river to enter the placid Van Twente Canal. The well-traveled commercial arteries were behind me and I spent the next few days in little used canals en route to the network of north German waterways. At Delden I stayed at the youth hostel which was crowded with an international group of young people who were obviously enjoying their walking or bicycle tours. Hot food was good, as were the cold shower and laundry facilities.

The following day I was happy to accept a short tow offered by a canal maintenance barge which took me to Almelo, the home of an active sailing club. There I went through a lock with four kayaks manned by Dutch Boy Scouts on a cruise. I enjoyed the next two days with them, cooking meals together, sleeping in hay filled barns, and trading boats occasionally. Kayaks were probably the only boats that could have made it through several weed-choked sections of the canal where we helped the lock tenders turn the manually operated valves and open the rusty gates.

The point where we crossed the Gertnui border was a few miles from any station so we walked through the woods and fields to report our presence to the customs and immigration offices where formalities were few. The only indications that we had crossed the border were the size of the dogs (the Germans like big ones) and the fact that the next lock keeper charged us 20¢ a boat.

At Nordhorn my exuberant compinions took another route, leaving me paddling in the rain. The straight canal passed through a deserted forest and for the first time on the voyage I was lonely. At dusk I reached the lock into the Ems River where I asked the attendant for permission to sleep in a thatched sled. My request was put across in very poor German and I had trouble understanding that he did not want any fires made. I thanked him, wondering what could possibly burn in that deluge, and was very soon asleep.

While eating and contemplating the morning mist I was invited in for tea by the family whose young son, a kayak enthusiast, later helped me shove off in the Dordmunt-Ems Canal. The chart indicated seven locks in the next 20 miles so I tied on astern of two 650-ton barges that were towed by a steam tug with a high funnel hinged at its base to permit passing under low bridges. The nearest barge had a 9' diameter steering wheel mounted horizontally in the stern and her helmsman needed all that leverage on a large rudder to manage his 150' craft. Despite careful steering the unwieldy boats often went weaving down the canal like a convoy performing anti-submarine tactics.

A few timber rafts passed us, floating slowly toward the sea with two raftsmen using big sweeps for steering. Their accommodations were a small tent and an iron cook pot amidships. In the late afternoon I cast off the tow to enter the Enis-Weser Canal and paddled for several miles looking for an inn. I had no luck so once again I camped under a bridge along the canal bank.

Next day a few times I took advantage of a fitful breeze but paddled most of the way through a forest where the only people were the crews of an occasional boat. Out of food and water, I was glad to stop at a canal maintenance station near Bramsche where I left the boat and walked through green fields to the ancient brick town. After a bath, shave, and haircut, a good meal made me feel like the Kaiser himself.

Before turning in at the old hotel I explored the prosperous-looking town and tried to read the mottoes and Biblical sayings carved into the timbers of the tilting medieval houses. My casual pedestrian habits were dangerous here because a silent bicycle was always sneaking up unheard or motor bikes came screaming around the twisting street where I was dreamily contemplating the architecture.

The following morning was spent patching the *Friend's* bow and stern which had been insufficiently reinforced when I built her. While waiting for the plastic to set up, thoughts turned to an improved boat and I decided that for a similar trip I would prefer a kayak with less windage and weight, about 15' long with 30" beam and watertight bulkheads for flotation. Also, I would carry far less gear and try to reduce *Friend's* fully-loaded weight from 220lbs to 150lbs. A small sail adds greatly to the fun but complicate, the question of beam. This might be solved by a narrow waterline beam with reserve buoyancy for sailing near the sheer.

When the plastic cured sufficiently, I took advantage of a gusty favorable wind with rain squalls and made good time. That night was spent under another bridge where I awoke damp and firmly resolved to get a tent, and soon my spirits rose as I quickly resumed sailing, shooting off ahead of a tug with five barges. Then they slowly passed me, a tight squeeze in the narrow canal with vessels also passing in the opposite direction. I decided to raise full sail and live dangerously. It was wonderful.

The tug and barges were quickly passed and never seen again. At first I reefed down for the worst squalls but finally got used to sailing through everything, including some very wet downpours and a vicious hail squall. The only regrets were the lack of a watch to time the speed and the lack of a cameraman ashore to record the *Friend's* performance. I was proud of her.

At Minden I left the canal and descended 40' in the deepest lock of the voyage to the Weser River. Here I paddled under the canal which crossed high overhead on a broad stone aqueduct. Above the pretty town of Minden I found an English army engineer installation where several outfits were participating.



pating in a gala regatta day with competitions in bridge building, rowing, and rafting plus well-patronized refreshment tents and recreation activities for the troops and their families. Here I was happy to find a place to store the boat for a few days while I visited friends in Hanover, an hour away by train.

I returned with still more gear to stow; a small tent, a pair of leather short pants, and a marvelously complete guide to German waterways, *Das Deutsch Fluss Und Zeltwanderbuch*. It was good to get back on the smooth flowing river, loafing along and enjoying an unusually warm day. At sunset at a village camping ground I met Mr and Mrs Fritz Eptinius from Berlin who have seen most of Europe during their 30 or more summer vacations of cruising in their folding kayak. I was impressed by their efficient camp and enjoyed their company, although I wished that I spoke more German. That night the new tent kept me dry and happy during a wild rainstorm.

In the morning Mr and Mrs Eptinius overtook me on the river while I was studying German from a pocket phrase book and letting the current do most of the work. After I noted that the current was weaker I lazily took a tow the last few miles to the charming village of Hoya where the rowing club kindly invited me to be their guest. The club's youngsters were getting a thorough training in a type of boat common in Europe, beautifully clinker built about 30' long by 3' wide with sliding seats but without outriggers. Maybe rowing could even be made popular in the United States with such fine, easily-driven craft, but most of us seem to be too accustomed to the noise and speed of gasofine power.

The following morning I again headed north, hoping to reach Bremen that night. However, the current was not strong and I slowed down and joined a large group of campers several miles upriver from the city. Supplies were procured from a low farmhouse back under the trees and I enjoyed examining the campers' equipment. Many small sailboats had waterproof cockpit tents and their occupants were remarkably comfortable.

Most interesting were the canoes, larger than, but similar to, the American open canoe. These boats were decked, had rakish wind-

shields, and were usually driven by light outboard motors. Many also carried sails for use with a favorable wind. When dragged ashore two people often slept in them under canvas covers stretched over flexible steel hoops set into the gunwales.

After an enjoyable day with the vacationers I headed for Bremen. Here I spoke to the first Americans since leaving Antwerp just a month before. In tidewater again I welcomed the help of a strong ebb that swept me downriver to a fine camping spot near the famous Abeking and Rauquinussen Yacht Yard. The river widened here and provided some exciting and dangerous sailing before I reached Bremerhaven. Several times after the tide turned against a strong following wind the *Friend* buried her forward deck as she tried to go through a steep wave. The camping spot of the Bremerhaven Canoe Club welcomed a tired wanderer that night. I stayed two days in this important port which, like Bremen, showed much war damage.

I was glad to get into the narrow Geeste-Hadetner Canal that meandered through the low fanning country between the mouths of the great Weser and Elbe rivers. It is not much used but provides a fine route for small craft having no desire to brave the dangerous North Sea coast. A night was spent at the resort of Bederkesa where tea-colored bog water formed a shallow lake.

While sailing along the narrow canal the following day I let my attention wander to admire a trim and tiny motor cruiser. The *Friend* must also have been attracted because she wandered, too, and smacked her nose on a sharp piece of masonry at the canal bank. Temporary repairs were made with a handkerchief stuffed in the hole. At Ottendorf I camped in the lockkeeper's yard and explored the fine, old, riverside town.

Out in the five-mile wide mouth of the Elbe River I was glad that things had been stowed with the weight aft as I raised sail and settled back to see how the strong favorable wind would treat me. Conditions were similar to those in the Weser River entrance except that the waves were larger and the bow tighter, which made for a safer trip. I passed

several seagoing vessels close aboard and seemed to cause much comment on their decks. At times I would have liked to watch from such a vantage point myself.

I shot the 13 miles to the Kiel Canal entrance in less than two hours. The canal traffic was international and give me my first look at the charming old Scandinavian motor sailers. The strong following breeze held until late afternoon. Then I continued paddling to Oldenbuttel where I polished off a big meal at the village gasthaus to celebrate the longest day's run under my own power, 37 miles.

The following day was spent paddling until mid-afternoon when I dangled the painter at an ancient canal boat with round ends that was limping along with motor trouble. Her young helmsman cheerfully belayed my line and I spent the rest of the afternoon dozing and writing letters. I was surprised once by a shouted greeting from a pretty racing kayak that effortlessly rode the wake of a fast large vessel. She looked as if she had been designed right onto the wave she was riding so jauntily.

With a feeling of satisfied accomplishment I left the canal at dusk and glided into Kiel Fjord in the soft breathless light. A full moon rose over the far shore and echoes of ferry whistles chased the dying rattle of a shipyard air hammer across the still water. The yacht club looked too fancy and the canoe and rowing clubs had been passed in the dark so I camped in the depressing ruins of the former Kiel naval base, lulled to sleep by the fine music of a nearby open air concert. After a day in Kiel I was anticipating Denmark's delights but I did not care to test Kiel Bay's 35 miles of open water. Instead I returned to the canal where passage was easily secured in a modern 1,300-ton Dutch freighter, the *Rijnborg of Delfzyl*, with a cargo of coal for southern Denmark. Other passengers were two German students headed for Sweden with their bicycles. As we followed the channel into sparkling waters, Denmark promised to be one of the highlights of my long, still uncharted journey.

(Next issue: Water Wandering in Denmark)



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The Fitzsimmons were the cousins with whom my siblings and I were the closest growing up. Polly, my mother's first cousin, and her husband Bill spent a lot of time with my parents. Shortly after my father's death when I was 18, they came to the Cape to visit us. The first day was cloudy and breezy, not suitable for sailing so the boys and I decided to try building model sailboats in my grandfather's workshop. We used wood scraps for hulls and outriggers, steel can lids for keels and rudders, old pajamas for sails, and chunks of an old foam picnic cooler for flotation.

Matt and Paul scoffed at my ungainly creation which sported square sails and styrofoam outriggers as wide as the boat was long. But I knew from model building experience that the biggest performance challenge was keeping the model upright and that a handsome Bermuda rig would capsize immediately with any kind of wind unless ballasted heavily. But when I said their boats would need more flotation they refused the ugly styrofoam blocks I proffered. They had in mind the sleek model boats they had seen in stores with streamlined two-toned hulls (and weighted keels, unknown to them).

Sailing the Models

We went down to the beach in our bathing suits to try out the boats. I took string, a jackknife, and some other scraps in case tinkering was required. We waded out with our boats in hand, anxious to try our creations. The sky was gray and it was a little breezy. Just as I'd predicted, the boys' boats flipped almost immediately and would not sail. Matt's did a little better than Paul's, but once his sail was wet it would capsize as soon as he let it go. Mine took a little adjusting of the lines and outriggers but sailed just fine. It could not point up and, even if I fixed the rudder to head upwind, it ended up going to leeward. Just the same it cut through the waves admirably and bravely raced along well.

I tried to help the boys with their boats. Paul was discouraged beyond hope and christened his boat the *SS Dopey*. Matt was open to suggestion and after adding outriggers we got it to work for more than a few seconds. Meanwhile my boat headed off on its own. We all got in the rowboat and headed down to leeward. With the model's unpainted wood and green pajama sail the boat wasn't conspicuous on the water. I couldn't see the boat at all at first but after we rowed downwind a few hundred yards down the beach one of the boys saw it and we retrieved it.

Fair Weather for Real Sailing

But the next day was a day for real sailing. The weather, wind, and tide were fair so we made plans for a picnic. At that time we still had the Bullseye *Virginia* which could take the seven of us sailing. All together our weight was well under that of four adults so our cousins Billy, Carol, and Paul joined me, my brothers Mitch and Matt, and sister Tish on a trip to Bassett's Island. Jill was away working as a camp counselor that summer.

We towed the little plywood skiff, the sole survivor of my grandfather's fleet, behind the Bullseye all the way to Bassett's Island. With its big keel and mighty genoa the *Virginia* had little trouble towing the rowboat upwind. We dropped the sails and anchored 100' offshore. Helpful as it was for going upwind, the keel hindered our anchoring. The shallow southeast shore of Bassett's prevented a closer approach. Matt and Paul decided to swim

Cape Cod Harbors

Animal Crackers at Bassett's

By Rob Gogan

to shore while I shuttled back and forth in the rowboat to take the others and the food.

We took a walk into the interior of the island. As we climbed the dune grass-covered bluffs I watched carefully. There was a fairly wide path from the beach. Ticks, poison ivy, and campers' latrines were all hazards among the grass that we had encountered there before. I warned everyone about the first two but figured that if I watched carefully enough at the head of the line, I wouldn't have to disgust our cousins by mentioning the possibility of seeing the unsavory third hazard.

A Visit to "Mars"

We came to a mudflat area where the grass and shrubs petered out and a wide hard-packed field spread out. The water views on all sides were obscured by the barrier bluff dunes. We used to call this area "Mars" for the other-worldliness of it. It looked as if major storms sometimes breached part of the barrier bluff and flooded the area with salt water. Perhaps the salt had built up over a few storms so that the salinity was too high for any land plants, but once the storm water had evaporated it was too dry for any marine plants. In any case, our cousins were impressed to see such a trackless desert only a stone's throw from the ocean.

We crossed to the west side beach and picked our way across its rocky expanse. There were places where boulders and rocks went right up to the bluffs and there was no level beach to walk on. It was too hard to cross the rocks in flip-flops so we turned back and had our lunch back at the sandy east shore. Billy, the eldest Fitzsimmons boy, was impressed with exploring a wild island by

sea. He ended up joining the US Navy and almost made a career of it.

We broke out the sandwiches and boxes of animal crackers that we used in a storytelling game. I think we had to take turns adding to the story by including whatever animal we drew from the box. Thirty years later, a month before she died, our cousin Carol told me that she had never forgotten that trip to Bassett's Island when we ate the animal crackers in the storytelling game. Knowing this makes my memory of the trip all the more precious.

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It will interest my saltwater brethren to know that Lake Ontario is a veritable inland sea, offering sailors a "big water" venue for adventure without the hassle of tides and their associated currents. Main Duck Island lies far enough offshore in the eastern end of Lake Ontario to be invisible from the mainland. To the northwest juts Prince Edward County, a large peninsula extending far into the lake from the Canadian shore, in one small corner of which can be found Prinyer's cove, as peaceful a rest for a boat as ever was.

The Main Duck is a remote island in eastern Lake Ontario, lying about 15 miles from the nearest Canadian shore. In gentle weather it is a serene place, devoid of human occupants and their gaudy establishments, perhaps the last unspoiled refuge on the lake to welcome the wandering soul. And so, with a weather forecast betiding nothing worse than a 10-15kt southwesterly breeze and clear skies, we set off from Prinyer's Cove, my wife Lisa and I, accompanied by our two small children, Daniel and Rebecca, bound for an early September weekend adventure. I had oft visited this island with various sailing buddies over the years, having crossed in every kind of summer weather the lake could offer; fine breezes, oily calms, and some minor storms. My vessel, *Clarissa*, a 28' sloop of 40 years' vintage, named for my grandmother whose tenacious character saw her weather many of life's tempests, has borne me well over these waters. On this occasion I wished to share the treasure that is Main Duck Island with my uninitiated wife and children.

Fine weather attended our entry into the main body of the lake through the Upper Gap, sailing close-hauled on a southerly course toward an island unseen on the watery horizon. Leaving the shores of Amherst Island astern, where it soon took on the appearance of a thin smudge where sky meets water as *Clarissa* progressed through the capping swells, her crew in the joy of family company dreamily contemplated our destination. The passage to Main Duck was a most pleasant affair, the small sloop riding the crests of the oncoming waves with just a bit of heel and an easy motion.

Eventually the indistinct form of the island emerged over the bows, first as a series of vertical spikes on the horizon, then steadily growing larger with land features taking shape, such as the lighthouse at the western end and the north-facing limestone bluffs. Now that our objective was in plain sight my thoughts turned to the choice of an anchorage for the night.

There are really only two possibilities for anchoring off Main Duck Island. The first, Schoolhouse Bay, is a narrow, semi-protected, shallow indentation nearly cleaving the island in two and features a small, dilapidated dock offering precious little swing space for anchored boats. The other anchorage is an unnamed cove immediately to the west, providing more space but also more exposure to the long northerly fetch of the lake. This latter anchorage I have dubbed "Shipwreck Cove" owing to the presence of the wreck of the *John C. Randall*, a wooden steamship which foundered there one storm-wrecked night early in the last century and whose remains are scattered in the shallows at the head of the bay.

Now it is a fact that on any given fair weather weekend the available space in Schoolhouse Bay disappears very quickly

A Main Duck Island Passage

By Burton Blais

and latecomers such as *Clarissa*, arriving in the latter part of the afternoon, must be content to drop the hook in Shipwreck Cove. With this in mind we made our way to the Shipwreck Cove anchorage, taking down sails as we approached under power. Even now there were three other sailboats in the anchorage, but with a bit of poking about we were able to find a spot off the western shore providing sufficient depth and reasonable holding ground (other parts of this bay have a rock-solid bottom), enabling us to swing with plenty of scope. In this position the shore provided a good lee to protect us from the prevailing southwesterly. Having secured the ship we were now free to take shore leave and the entire family piled into the inflatable kayak (which served as *Clarissa*'s tender) and made for the pebbly beach.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent walking partway along the length of the island, a distance of about one mile, on an old foot path leading through varied terrain, some open meadows and wooded areas, to the western end where the towering lighthouse (now automated) stands alongside the old keeper's cottage and an abandoned summer home, vestiges of a time long past when the island was inhabited. We picked our way carefully, avoiding the patches of poison ivy which seem to cover the ground, in places spilling onto the path.

At the base of the lighthouse there is a stretch of beach comprised of innumerable bleached shells in various stages of reduction, thrown up over the ages by the action of sea and wind and crackling underfoot as we made our way toward the southwest point with its big boulders standing proud on the shallow limestone shelf extending into the lake. There among the boulders, in a few feet of water, is a remnant of the shipwrecked steamer, a boiler cast up by past tempests. The scene inspired me to lecture my family on the history of the place, about the once thriving community of farmer fishermen who long ago tended cattle on the island, of rum runners in the 1930s for whom this was a place of refuge as they attempted to ferry their goods across the lake undetected, and the reason for the moniker "graveyard of Lake Ontario" attributed to these waters.

As if to underscore the grim nature of past events, particularly those pertaining to lost ships, we noted a number of decomposing carcasses of birds (mostly cormorants) and carp strewn along the shoreline. One large dead carp atop a mound of crushed shells bore a particularly foreboding appearance, the skull still wearing a leathery remnant of skin with branched cracks extending from eyeless sockets creating the impression of a hideous visage of death.

We returned to the mother ship to find that several more sailboats had entered the anchorage during our absence, bringing the total number to eight, all clustered near the western shore and leaving little swing room for the lot, the largest assemblage of vessels I could recall seeing here. The wind continued to blow at 15-20 knots from the southwest throughout that afternoon. The children

were eager to explore the wreck of the *John C. Randall*, the main portion of which lay a short distance from our anchorage in depths of 6' to 20'.

Therefore, with masks and snorkels for Daniel and I and swim goggles for Rebecca (who had not yet learned to breathe through a snorkel) we dinghied over to the wreck site and slipped into the clear water. Here we glided over the length of the wreck, a distance of perhaps 150', seeing many of her timbers lying on the bottom such as the long keel, planking, jumbles of spars, and a section of upright ribs suggesting a giant skeletal claw reaching for the surface. Daniel had the sensation of flying as he moved easily through the water from one end of the wreck to the other while Rebecca simply delighted in partaking of fellowship with her shipmates, being content to peer through the depths from a safe position in the dinghy.

That evening we enjoyed a fine canned chili supper, with subsequent sono-odiferous consequences (a most unfortunate circumstance for a ship's company in the confines of a small cabin). At about 2200 we listened to the weather forecast and were surprised to hear that a strong southwesterly would continue throughout the night, building to 20 knots by midday on the morrow, then swinging to the northwest, placing the wind right on our nose for the journey back to Prinyer's Cove. Main Duck Island is no place to be in any significant northerly wind as there is very little protection to be had here from weather originating in that sector. We therefore resolved to haul the anchor early the following morning, even skipping breakfast, so that we could get an early start on the crossing before the weather intensified.

All night long the southwesterly blew over the western bank of Shipwreck Cove, producing a slight swaying motion as the wind caught *Clarissa*'s rigging. While not unpleasant, the water surface in the cove remaining flat, the constant wind at times seemed to intensify, causing us some unease as we pondered the next day's crossing back to the mainland. Occasionally the little cove would be rocked by the incoming wake of some distant freighter on the westbound track north of the island.

At first light, the so-called sailor's dawn, I went on deck to tie a reef in the main, leaving it furled on the boom, and hanked on the working jib. The sky was grey with the blood-red sun barely risen, the wind rushing across the protecting land, leaving the water's surface covered in wavelets. Now getting a distant glimpse of the sea state beyond the relative calm in the island's lee, the lake showing her fangs in the strong southwesterly wind, I determined to attempt the passage under jib alone, deploying the reefed main only if more windward capability was required to make the Upper Gap. In this manner the sloop would ride more comfortably, exhibiting less heeling, yet moving swiftly enough in the strong breeze.

The rest of the family awoke and groggily feasted on yogurt and apples washed down with orange juice. We now made preparation to haul the anchor and get underway. This consisted mostly of the psychological task of steeling our nerve for the rough passage ahead and working out a strategy for keeping clear of the other boats in the crowded windy anchorage while getting the anchor secured on deck. With the engine started and thoroughly warmed up (the gear shifter re-

maining in neutral), I went on the foredeck to haul up the anchor. Daniel at the tiller ready to steer the wind-driven hull through the huddle of anchored boats following a pre-determined course to the middle of the cove where we would have more sea room to fasten the anchor in its bracket on the bow pulpit and raise the jib.

A man sat quietly in the cockpit of a nearby boat, a Pearson 26, I think. He waved as I looked up from my work. I wondered how he would fare today. The jib was hoisted, snapping furiously in the wind until the leeward sheet was hauled in tight. The sloop then heeled and quickly began to foot ahead, still in relatively flat water, toward the rough expanse west of the island. The engine was switched off. Approaching the edge of the lee zone we beheld a very jagged horizon with large combers rolling across our intended course. However, it was not until we were fully out of the island's protective zone that we appreciated the true state of the sea.

To the west loomed a range of mountainous seas "with a cap on" (as the saying goes), six to eight-footers marching inexorably toward us with the wind shrieking in the rigging and the iron-taught jib pulling us in to the fray. Meeting these seas, *Clarissa* started to climb obliquely up their steep faces and then slid down their backs into the troughs from whence no land-fringed horizon could be seen. The sloop threaded her way through those seas with a heavy rolling motion, taking the waves on her port beam, shouldering through with a solid purpose.

The children were assigned the task of keeping sight of the towering twin chimneys of the Lennox power generating station located on the mainland, near the town of Bath, on the Upper Gap. These towers are an excellent landmark for mariners returning from Main Duck Island and are readily seen on days with good visibility. On this day they were very dim and easily lost on the jumbled horizon. Lisa's main pre-occupation was with keeping the children safe in the heaving cockpit while mine was searching the weather side for the next giant and picking the best path through the maze of foaming peaks.

While yet in close proximity to the island, the younger set of *Clarissa*'s complement were exhilarated with the amusement park-like conditions, each buck over a sharp stack evincing joyful exclamations, spray flying with every hard slap on the hull's side. Attitudes were transformed, however, as time wore on and the island fell away astern, taking *Clarissa* further into the thick of things. The wave heights seemed to increase (some likely topping nine feet) as their relentless onslaught began to wear on the erstwhile happy crew's nerves.

The mainland shore was very far away indeed, almost an abstraction at this point, and we knew that there would be no getting off this ride any time soon. The frequency of encountering steep-faced monsters increased and surmounting these required deviating from the chimney-bound course to steer into the waves. The boat's motion became increasingly wild, making it very difficult to move about the cockpit and necessitating a tight grip on any convenient handhold. The children became quieter, seriously contemplating the prospect before them.

My concern for their safety grew and I had Daniel sit next to me while I clutched his PFD with one hand, the other hand firmly on the tiller. Rebecca (who would not sit still)

was sent below to prevent her falling overboard. Lisa sat tight on her seat on the low side, carefully monitoring the state of the crew and ensuring that all remained seated and well-craddled within the boat. I could only imagine how she felt, especially given that this was her first extensive sailing experience, but her face betrayed no fear, having rather an aspect of steadfast determination to get through this passage.

These were the roughest sustained conditions that I had ever experienced on a passage. This was certainly no storm, none was forecast, simply the result of strong winds blowing over a large expanse of water for a prolonged period of time. In the saltwater oceans of the world, seas building to nine feet might be considered unremarkable, easily negotiable mounds with wide shallow bowls between the peaks. On Lake Ontario, strong winds tend to generate large, steep waves with short periods, creating very difficult conditions for small craft. Such was the world into which we had ventured, beyond the expectations of our early morning departure. Yet we were determined to get across as the wind was expected to strengthen toward midday and then to shift right on our nose. And besides, we were already far from Main Duck Island, and nearing the midway point of our crossing, hoping to soon obtain a bit of protection from Long Point several miles to the west.

Several times the sloop slid sideways down the back of particularly large waves, landing in the trough on her beam ends and receiving a hard knock from the next large wave in the train before she could recover, heaving solid sheets of water into the cockpit and thoroughly drenching the occupants. Fortunately the water was still relatively warm at this season. Such conditions in cold weather would be very difficult indeed. On one or two occasions while steering into large waves I was distracted by the antics of the dinghy which we were towing (and which was showing a tendency to nosedive as we rolled along at about six knots) and over-steered, causing the jib to luff with an attendant loss of speed (the knot meter almost dropping to zero).

I desperately wished to pull the bow of the dinghy hard up against the transom but durst not move from my seat. Moving about in such a wildly rolling boat was nigh impossible. The thought of having to locate and retrieve an overboard crew member under such conditions chilled my spine. In those instances when the jib luffed, I feared the possibility of losing way and being forced onto the starboard tack, and therefore started the engine to continue our passage motor-sailing. This not only gave me better control in coping with the waves, but also increased our speed to a consistent eight knots, hastening our pace on this passage and shortening our exposure to these conditions.

Clarissa's crew sat quietly, hanging onto the main bulkhead or coaming (attempting to stay fixed to the cockpit by any available means) when Rebecca started to complain from the cabin that her "tummy felt funny." While I had doubted the wisdom of sending her below in the first place, my determination to keep her in the safest place possible onboard overcame any concern for her developing nausea. However, the tumbling of the boat made the cabin a very uncomfortable place in which she was constantly tossed about and so we bid her to come up and sit on Lisa's lap in the cockpit.

She sat there, her unhappy little face tinted with seasickness, staring indifferently into a bucket held by her mother, who at the same time managed to keep a secure hold onto her precious bundle as well as managing "one hand for the ship." Daniel, meantime, bore the ordeal bravely, only muttering that he wished we had hired a babysitter for the kids on this particular weekend! Rebecca, getting into the spirit of things, echoed this sentiment. It was reassuring to see that they retained their senses of humour in spite of circumstances.

The sea and wind conditions remained consistently rough throughout most of the passage to the mainland. Eventually we began closing with the coast of Amherst Island with Cressy Point to the northwest and Long Point to windward, offering a lee and taking some of the bite out of those terrible seas. Gradually we perceived a shift in the wind toward the northwest, creating a bit of confusion in the wave pattern but also reducing their magnitude to a more manageable level. Onward we proceeded, still shipping spray now and then and relying more than ever on our faithful mechanical servant, an old Atomic 4, which powered us into the Upper Gap against an opposing wind.

Rounding Indian Point into the Adolphus Reach we had our object in sight, Prinyer's Cove with its usual cluster of masts from the many anchored boats seeking refuge in that snug place. The strength of wind now screeching down the reach surprised us and though the waves were small (by comparison with those experienced on the open lake) they showed a vicious fang nonetheless. Whereas our previous battle had to do more with waves than wind, the role of chief oppressor was now switched and it was the wind which caused me the most grief as I wrestled the flogging jib to the deck.

Soon all was tidied on deck and we gained the quietude of the harbour, making *Clarissa* fast to her mooring. Lisa and I sat quietly in the cockpit, resting for a moment from our recent exertions. There was naught but a good breeze overhead now, rippling the water's surface and evincing a whoosh from the trees on shore. The children had already forgotten the experience with full childish composure regained and their attention now turned to other important matters. "Mommy, can we go for a swim, puh-lease?" For the moment we ceased to be hardy mariners contending with dangerous elements, or bold explorers seeking out remote islands. We were a family who, having made our safe port at last, were strengthened by yet another bond of common experience.



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It is a short run from Trenton down to Bordentown and for the most part devoid of particular interest from a picturesque point of view. The tow path is splendidly kept up and through the trees a short distance away the Delaware glimmered in the sunlight. As the canal approaches Bordentown it widens out into a basin of considerable size. Several small ponds lead out of it, on their banks two or three busy shipyards where scows are built find their place. Along a tongue of land extending into the basin was a group of small picturesque houses, completely in character with the place. They faced on the narrow lane. At the back door of each house was a landing with one or two skiffs tied to posts and the water lapping the lower step. Off to the right of the company's office are the stables for this, like New Brunswick, is one end of the Raritan canal. One more deep lock and the Delaware is before the voyager.

There was every reason why the deck should be occupied by an anxious and expectant group as the *Cowles* neared Bordentown. Every square acre of this lovely village is historical ground. Here in the good old days Benjamin Franklin spent a night. Here lived Joseph Bonaparte, the elder brother of Napoleon I; sometime king of Naples and of Spain, Prince Lucien Murat; Judge Joseph Hopkinson, the author of *Hail, Columbia*, and his father, Judge Francis Hopkinson, the signer Commodore Stewart, known as "Old Ironsides;" Parnell's mother now resides there; and here lived Tom Paine and the family of Yturbide, the Mexican emperor who passed several months here a short time after the husband and father met his death at the hands of his own people in Padilla.

High up, overlooking the winding canal and the gently curving Delaware is the bluff, or really promontory, near which Bonaparte built his mansion. The noble trees fringing, the wood crowned height could still be seen from where the *Cowles* was moored, but the grand old house with its richly carved doors, ample stairway, generous library, and dining room enriched with ornaments and bits of furniture from the Luxembourg, has long since passed out of the memory of any but the oldest inhabitants.

In the quaint streets of the old-fashioned town can now be found the sloping roof and dormer windows of the Murat house where Madame Murat taught school in the days of

One of the Hopkinson houses, Bordentown.



From *The Century Magazine*, August 1887

Submitted by Fred Sanders



Part 3

their poverty, and farther on the old Hopkinson mansion where for the first time, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, was heard the strains of the national anthem.

The whole-souled hospitality for which the town has been noted for more than a century was not wanting and half an hour after the boat had been made snug and safe with her bow line over a wharf post and the stern line to one of the mooring spiles, the entire party were booked for a game at tennis, a drive through the suburbs, and unlimited invitations to break bread in a dozen houses at once.

The Patriarch and Brushes, by reason of their kinship with some of the earlier settlers, felt instantly at home and prepared to make everybody else so. Extra Chinese lanterns were unpacked and hung on deck, some rich silks and Venetian embroideries thrown over the standing easels, the 'cello was re-strung, an extra dozen of plates and an equal number of cups and saucers were purchased that Moses might catch his breath between soup and fish, all the brass jars and pottery filled with such wild flowers and tall grasses as could be hastily gathered, smoking jackets, old pipes, well-worn slippers, and like bachelor traps and trappings tucked under divans and behind the furniture, and the whole interior, by a cunning touch here and there, was transformed into a lady's boudoir.

Moses was in his element. Ices revolved around on deck, served in after-dinner coffee saucers, followed by relays of cake (Bordentown brand) on a Delft plaque. Punch was

brewed down in the salon in an Imari bowl and ladled out in small Venetian cups of a varied and difficult pattern but yet of a certain homogeneousness of form and style when not seen too close together.

Maidens in the freshest of summer costumes reclined on the Turkish divans. Up on deck, in out-of-the-way places, far forward or aft, behind the apron of the awning and other such secluded spots, couples were tucked away and only discovered by the red spark of a cigar or the ringing laugh that told the story of the night. If the stately dames who graced the drawing rooms of the older time could have looked down upon the fair faces and forms of their descendants they would not have believed in the degeneracy of the times.

During all this festivity there was one grim, solitary figure who sat like a Sphinx. He moved only once and that when a lantern fell from a slot in the awning above, rolling its candle at his feet. Then he rose from his seat beside the useless tiller, ground the taper under his heel, and stealthily dropped the harmless Japanese decoration overboard.

"They'll blow us up, be gosh, they will," he said. "Wish they'd take them women folk and get out and let a man sleep. Here it is after midnight. Marthy, if they don't stop this racket I'll begin swabbin' the decks, I will, be gosh, and drown some on 'em."

Dusenberry's murderous intent was, however, never carried out. It is true he swabbed the decks, but not until the gray dawn had broken into dappled gold were the sleepy inmates of the grand salon awakened by the tramp of his bare feet overhead striking the deck like wet fish. Then the swash of his bucket scattered the water through the half open hatches and roused the inmates.

"Moses," came from a divan far aft, "go up on deck and tell the captain to be careful of his water. Regular mill stream pouring down my back!" And "Moses," called out another, this time the Scribe, "bring me a bath towel and let down the awning apron and put out the ladder. I'm going to have a dip overboard."

"So am I," returned the Patriarch, springing from his couch.

In less time than it takes to tell it, all four heads were bobbing about like corks in the cool water of the canal, after which they all wormed up the straight ladder, were rubbed, down like race horses, and in five minutes thereafter were taking their coffee from the fragrant pot over which Moses presided. This was always on deck in the open air and sunlight, from a low table convenient to cushions and rugs, and within reach of every man's outstretched arm.

Victim of a Pullman buffet car, all dust and waiter inhabitant of White Star saloon cabin, with its air full of carbonic acid and its table rack-worn and empty! Do you know what it is to breakfast on deck in the soft morning air with the fleecy clouds overhead, the shimmer and splash of water among the cool of sedge and lily pads, and the green fields before you fringed and backed by dark cedars? Of course you don't and never did. Misguided traveler, return to the ways of your ancestors! Try a canal boat.

By nine o'clock sundry friends who had helped make the previous night merry were hailed, welcomed, and escorted up the gangplank and down into the salon. Breakfast was served in due course without a protest from Moses who, assisted by Marthy, struck from this Jersey rock not only water but other liquids and solids not referred to in the original text.

Then the music was hunted up and Brushes drew his bow across his 'cello and guests and hosts sank into easy chairs or threw themselves on the divans as the symphonies of Beethoven filled the interior.

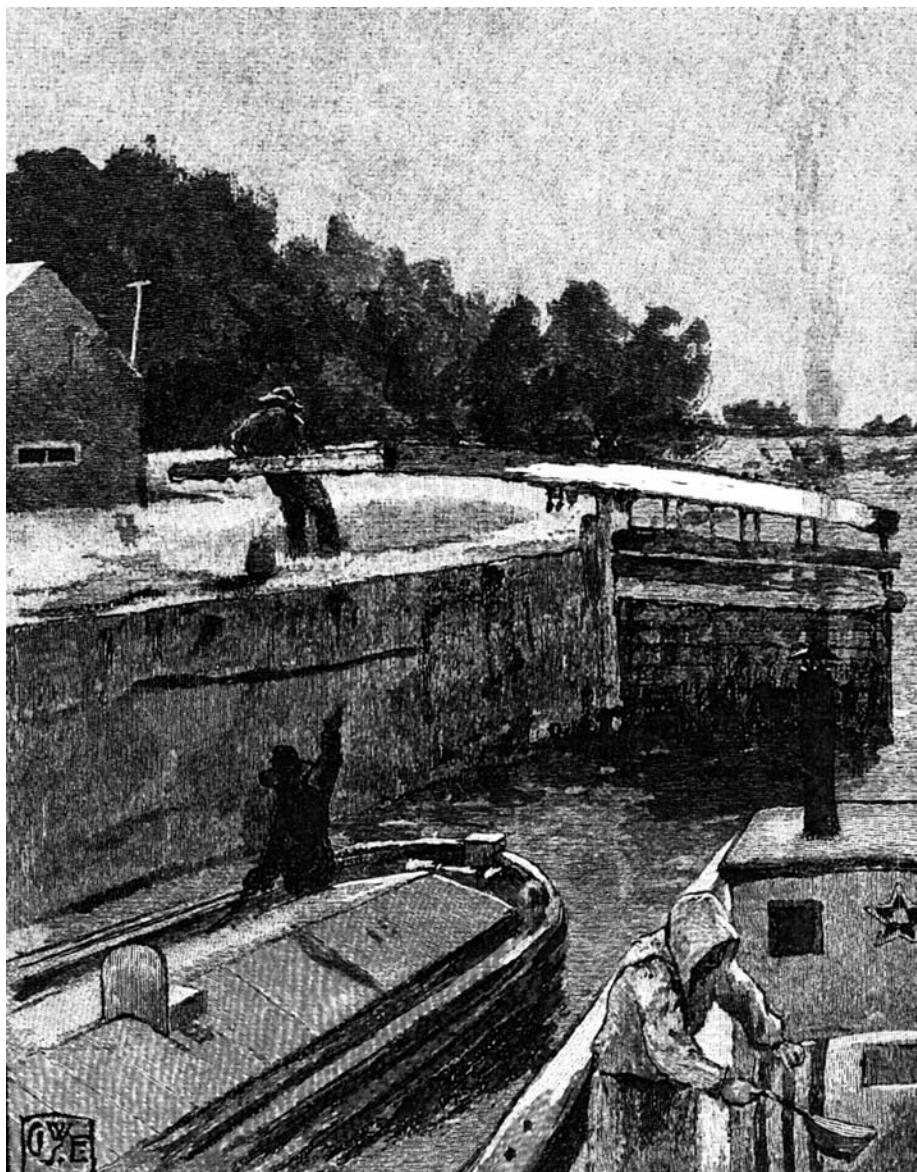
It was then that Scraps was seen to start from his seat, disappear quietly behind the silk hanging curtaining off the after-part of the hold, and reappear with an easel which he placed in a favorable light under the hatch. Then he tiptoed back and returned with a canvas and palette. He whispered to the Scribe, "Look at that girl's head, regular Titian! Tell Brushes to keep on until I get an outline of it. Please don't move, my lady, you are positively delightful!"

But she did move, only to strike a more charming pose, and so did the entire group. Then the symphony ceased and soon two more easels bore down like a battery upon the lovely head with its arching eyebrows and golden hair and thus the early morning hours slipped away.

Heading the procession consisting of five or six coal-boats, two oil-boats, and a two-masted schooner, the *Cowles* pulled out in the cool hours of the next morning with all flags set to the breeze. From Bordentown up to Trenton is a steady lift. The first lock was a rise of fourteen feet and the next two are very nearly as high. On the right bank the heavy trains puffed up the grade and on the other, shaded by the lofty wide-spreading willows and constantly tempted by the grassy green bank almost within reach, the patient mules plodded along in the red dust. For three miles the bank behind the towpath is very high and compactly built with willows thickly planted, a veritable bulwark against the Delaware, which sweeps along a short distance away.

In the spring the river comes up to the very banks and is a constant source of danger. At such times the path walker is on duty, day and night, plugging the smallest holes with soil, filling in where the rain has started a gully, and building the bank higher where it has washed away. In ordinary times each walker has a stretch of fourteen miles to watch. He walks down the towpath one day and back on the heel path the next with a shovel or pick with which to make repairs or armed with a sythe to trim the briars, ivies, and elders. His worst enemy is the muskrat, whose holes, running far into the bank, may at any moment make in outlet and become a dangerous break.

Against these ravages the company supplies a special guardian in the person of the ratter. The whole length of the canal is divided up among several men who make it their business to trip muskrats all the year round.



Locking through.

They use an ordinary steel trap without teeth which they set as near as possible in the path of the main entrance or regularly used track to the rathole. The men are paid wages by the day and the noses and tails are redeemed by the company at fifteen cents once a month. The pelts belong to the ratter and are cured by him to be sold later at an average of about eighteen cents each. Any rat trapped within a mile of the canal is a legitimate catch and a day's work is from ten to fifteen.

"What harm can a rat do a mile away?" asked Scraps.

"He may come over here any fine morning and if he don't, his children will. You can't count on a rat 'til he is skinned. I have been trapping them thirteen years and I don't know all their ways yet. Sometimes they are too cunning to go within ten feet of a man's track and other times they will walk into a bag and lie down."

Then, as a special favor, he produced from the lock-house a white muskrat caught by him and stuffed by the same hand, in an attitude which the animal never could have assumed when alive and which was suggestive of the three-toed sloth in the museum.

"What I don't understand," said the ratter, as he fondled a pile of pelts, "is why any

animal wastes so much backbone in tail?" As no one was prompt with a solution of this, word was given to the tow boy and the slack line was taken up.

The canal below Trenton is considerably discolored by chemicals, mostly iron, which are poured into it from the works on the banks, but on the high level where the feeder comes in the water is comparatively pure. The boys from the potteries, which stretch along the tow path towards Princeton, make full use of their opportunities. The *Cowles* was in luck and approached this quarter during the noon hour.

"Hey Micky," said an urchin as he poised on a post ready for a dive, "look at de circus!"

"Tain't no circus, that's a likeness boat," said Micky.

Another one offered to chip in and buy the occupants some long pants while a companion of his, dripping with water, offered to swim out and lick the cook for four cents. Moses went below and the opportunity passed. During this running fire the windows in the potteries were crowded with heads and each head had something to say. The canal literally swarmed with boys of all ages, colors, and proficiency in swimming. They ran ahead of the boat, took a long dive, and came



Watching the "circus boat."



The boys from the pottery.

up in time to catch the tow rope, or perhaps one would get astride of the rudder blade, when instantly others plunged in, made a race for him, seized him and each other by any available limb, and hung on in a bunch or strung out in the wake with the boat under full headway. But the approach of a propeller, one of the line which sends through one boat each way daily on the way to Baltimore or New York, quickly scattered the boys and in a few minutes the *Cowles* was outside the city and fast approaching green fields and grateful shade.

Long before the afternoon had gone a halt for the night was made near a picturesque clump of willows which partly obscured a deserted house. Its storm-beaten eaves were almost overtopped by the weeds which luxuriated in a tangled garden. Atop the broken palings of the fence an ivy and a trumpet vine found their devious paths and along the bank which once skirted the walk blossomed a profusion of pink, black, and white hollyhocks. The team was sent ahead to the next station with orders to call at nine the following day.

Sketching-traps were fished out and everybody was at work. The Scribe gathered the blossoms, Moses started off afield with a basket on each arm, and in 20 minutes the *Cowles* was deserted save by Marthy and her lord. On deck, after dinner, as the long shadows deepened and the blue vanished from the sky, a procession of coal-boats, each with its green light forward, passed silently in review and disappeared around the bend. Against the

dark background nothing could be seen of the mules but in the water, reversed, were their reflections perfectly outlined. As the boats approached they seemed to take on an unusual size and with it an air of dignity.

There was something impressive in their silent, steady advance as one after another their lights came into view, approached, and passed. The boatmen were silent. The man at the helm, attracted by the unusual illumination on the *Cowles*, in low tone called his mate or spoke to his wife and said no more. Wearied with steering all day in the hot sun and anticipating an all-night's run with a bare chance of hitting the tow at New Brunswick the next morning, the men paid little attention to anything else than the work before them or the necessity of resting while opportunity offered. Early in the procession a detached team passed, the whiffletree chains clanking against the stones and the tow-boy singing to himself as he rode by, seated sideways on the rear mule with his back to the canal.

"He's happy."

"You bet," came from the darkness into which the Scribe's remark had penetrated. "No more teaming tonight, I've cast two shoes on the leader and broken a trace and there ain't no smith nearer than Kingston."

The deserted house.



Suddenly, at a distance through the trees shone a strong, steady light somewhat higher than the others, then the first rays of the moon caught something white moving in the treetops and in a moment more the tall masts of a schooner with topsails bunched appeared against the brightening sky. As she passed close to the *Cowles* the Patriarch, Brushes, and the Scribe vaulted aboard, intending to get off at the next bridge, wherever that was, and walk back on the heel-path. It proved to be the schooner *Wave* which had loaded with coal at Philadelphia for Bridgeport. Why did they go through the canal? It was more convenient, running day and night the passage is made in 36 hours. Wasn't it partly because they were afraid to trust the old hulk outside the capes? That had something to do with it.

How far was Kingston? Five miles. How far to the next bridge? Four miles. How could the gentlemen get off? Couldn't unless they'd swim. The boat was deeply loaded and had to keep in the middle of the canal. "All right," said Brushes, "we'll get on the next boat we meet and ride back."

Twenty minutes later a light boat approached and as she passed the trio, relying on their welcome, hastily transferred their persons. As the shining awning of the *Cowles* again came in sight the Scribe pointed it out to the puzzled boatman. Then instantly it all became clear to him. "Bin down along advertising where do you show next?"

Just as the party clambered on board and bade the *Mary Ann* good-night, Dusenberry disappeared in his cabin saying, "Marthy, these fellows been off snaking some peach orchard. There'll be 'n officer aboard here next and we'll have to swear they was in bed. If the Lord ever gets us back to old Erie, I don't want any more sideshows in mine."

Just before sunrise next morning the rumbling of a thunderstorm and the pattering of heavy drops on the deck overhead brought everyone to his feet to lash the awning and make things secure. The two after-hatches were closed. The forward one was tilted in the direction of the storm and with the flies of an old tent, an abundance of cord, and a few screw eyes a canvas fence as high as the shoulders was built about the gangway to keep the rain from blowing in. Dusenberry had his hands full with his own awning, his birdcages, and Marthy in terror of the thunder.

"No use leaving here today," said the Patriarch as he and the Scribe prepared for

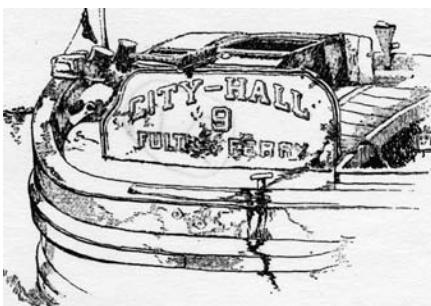
their plunge in the drizzle. "This is our first gray day and we must make the most of it. Here's a haunted house and no end of stuff within reach." There was no dissenting opinion and Dusenberry was therefore ordered to send word by the next passing boat, countermanding the order for the team.

"We can run down in the night," added Brushes. While breakfast was being served in a sheltered spot aft, the hatches were lifted to air the salon. Marthy, as usual, improved the opportunity to make up the divans and put things to rights. The withered flowers were thrown away and the vases replenished with fresh ones. Moses cleaned and trimmed the lamps, took account of stock, filled the pitcher with ice water, and then busied himself with the breakfast dishes. The forenoon was spent in watching the clouds, tinkering, writing letters, and overhauling sketches made on the trip.

Scraps was busy with pen-and-ink drawings intended for reproduction. The Patriarch, suddenly alarmed lest all the glory of the unique interior should some day vanish like the flame from a candle, started an elaborate pastel and Brushes, sharing his fear, laid in one corner of the boat in water-colors. When the rain ceased nature was again at the mercy of the brush and pencil and the knights made the most of it. From the deck the most picturesque of the passing boats were hastily sketched.

One appeared to be manned by children. On the top of the house were two little girls and peeping over the edge of an empty painted box, evidently kept for the purpose, was a third. The helmsman was a boy who ate his lunch as he swung the tiller. On another boat the helmpmate was doing the family washing in spite of the weather. The commander's pride in his craft was evident. Everything shone in fresh paint of decided hues. The rudder-blade was deep blue and the tiller striped with yellow and brown. Across her square stern in white letters on a black ground, festooned with filigree, was painted her name, the *Terror*.

"Manned by children."



The bow of the *Terror*.

Towards night the sun broke through, and the day ended in a brilliant display of cloud scenery. With the first patch of blue sky word was sent by a passing chunker to have the team up at eight o'clock that evening. While at dinner the voice of Dusenberry was heard in conversation with the tow-boy. "You fellows going down along tonight?" came from the tow-path.

"They say they be," said Dusenberry,

"Where will you tie up?"

"Somewhere this side of York, I ain't makin' no plans."

"Ten Mile Lock?" inquired the persistent driver, anxious to know what his trip was to be.

"Give it up," said Dusenberry, "this is good enough for me."

After a brief silence the gentle ripple of the waves pushed up by the square nose of the *Cowles* indicated that she was once more underway. The landscape by night was that of a new country. Before the moon rose it required a keen eye to follow the shore and a practiced hand to keep the boat off the bank. Steering a canal-boat seems easy but it is sometimes harder than it looks. An empty boat, eight feet out of water, with an awning to catch every breath of air, will give a strong man plenty of exercise. In the darkness the lights behind on the bridges where the country roads cross the canal glowed like stars low down on the horizon.

Suddenly the *Cowles* rounded a bend and a bright light seemed to shoot from a clump of dark trees. "Blow your horn, blow your horn!" yelled the tow-boy, How was I to know this was a bridge," grumbled Dusenberry as Marthy finished a long blast and gathered breath for another. A moment more and a stream of yellow light from the bank illuminated the whitewashed bridge as it swung upstream. The *Cowles* grazed the end, bumped heavily against the heel-path bank, and headed around for the next stretch.

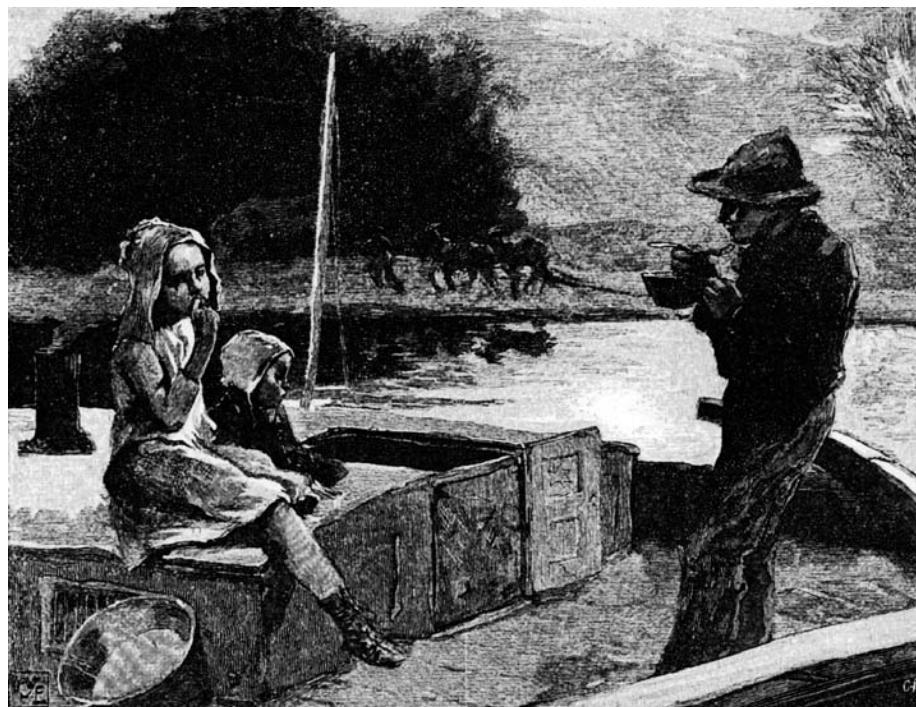
The rising moon solved Dusenberry's severest perplexities. A bridge a mile off was in plain sight. Under the railroad bridge at Princeton junction, by the beautiful farms which stretch up to the collegiate town a mile or two to the left and on towards Kingston, the *Cowles* went at a good pace. The moonlight completely disguised familiar scenery and when the tow-boy slacked up to let the boat run into the lock at Kingston no one recognized the place. Sometime after midnight while the Scribe, who had volunteered to relieve Marthy, was taking a trick at the helm, the low white buildings of Ten Mile Lock appeared. The *Cowles* found a place at the crib among a number of boats heading in both directions, and made fast.



Entering the lock at night.

The lights on deck were extinguished, the two after hatches closed and all was quiet for the night. Far away astern somewhere among the Roman candles and empty packing-boxes, in the direction of Dusenberry's cabin, came a sound of no uncertain meaning. "Brushes," said the Scribe, as he adjusted his mosquito net, "his snore is worse than his war-cry."

Early in the morning the lock-tender came on board with the mail which he had thoughtfully gathered at the Bound Brook post-office some three miles off. Moses returned to the lock-house in his company and long before the heat of the day 300 pounds of ice were stored in the refrigerator and with it fresh vegetables, blueberries, chickens, and all that could be spared from a passing butcher's wagon. It was the middle of the forenoon before the team was summoned. One more run would end at New Brunswick, the next morning would dawn with the *Cowles* at New York and the outing at an end. But there was no escape. The charter of the boat ran out the next day and she





At Ten Mile Lock.

must not only be handed over to her owner promptly, but delivered empty.

Without special interest the hours passed until about five o'clock the high railroad bridge at New Brunswick loomed up in the distance. Had the New York tow gone? No, the huge tug was made fast to the coal-wharf and nearby her boats enough to make up a tow. Nothing now remained but to await the ebb tide.

"Brushes," said the Scribe as the great tow fell into line on its way towards New York from New Brunswick, "Dusenberry has just interviewed me as to what this expedition is all about. He says we hain't showed nowhere, nor give no concerts, nor pulled teeth, nor distributed no hand-bills, nor asked nobody to subscribe to no book, we hain't sold no ancient things except we did it at night and he and Marthy has watched and nothings gone over the side, and he should like to know, now we are p'inted for home, what we started for, and whether we got it, and whether it's any fault of his'n if we hain't."

"Tell him," said the Patriarch, who was stretched out on the deck watching the sunset clouds mirrored in the still waters of the widened river, "tell him our sole object is to improve our digestive apparatus, our breathing apparatus, and our ability to sleep eight hours at a stretch, and that if he would laugh more and grumble less it would not be half so hard for him to swing his tiller, and twice is easy for him to be agreeable to his neighbors."

"Make allowance for his early training," chimed in Scraps. "Driving mules and shoveling coal don't help one's temper or one's appreciation of the Venus of Milo. Dusenberry isn't so bad as he seems. When Moses broke the Delft plaque yesterday and was about to throw the pieces overboard, Dusenberry caught them on the fly and he and Marthy have been all the afternoon trying to stick them together with flour-paste as a decoration for her kitchen."

"Verily some good seed has fallen on apparently stony ground," mused the Patriarch, half aloud.

"And that isn't all," continued Scraps. "Only today as I lay dozing on my divan I overheard Dusenberry tell Moses that he guessed next week the old girl (that is, the

and braiding the mule's tail. All agreed, however, that the captain was undergoing a positive chance of heart.

This became certain when below New Brunswick the *Cowles* was crowded out of her position and forced on the outside of the main tow to take unprotected the thumping around the *Romer*. When this occurred the deck and salon waited as usual for the sulphurous smell which generally followed any expression of Dusenberry's opinions to his fellow-boatman on occasions like this, concluding with an ardent wish for the immediate consignment of the whole load of second-hand truck to a climate warmer and more remote. Judge, then, of their surprise when this came sifting down the open hatches.

"Get out that fender, get it out, gol darn you, and get aft with it quick. Want to smash something, do you? What do you think we've got aboard here anyhow, potatoes or baled hay that you're kicking 'round like a loose mule? You break something and you'll find out! Why, begosh, We've got teacups and sassers aboard here worth more'n your whole mud scow, mules and all."

The expedition was nearing its end. This was seen everywhere. Sketches which had been tacked up for a day to dry and left permanently to decorate were slid into portfolios. The bookshelves were dismantled and each occupant claimed his own. Knicknacks, pipes, tobacco pouches, slippers, caps, and painting jackets which had been used indiscriminately during the preceding three weeks were reclaimed, assorted, and packed away, subdivision of colors and brushes and all interchange of sketches took place. Fragile lanterns and the more delicate silks and hangings were packed in convenient drawers. The great Sypher chest was filled with the extra rugs and cushions and the smaller and more breakable bric-a-brac bestowed inside the original studio cases under the after hatch.

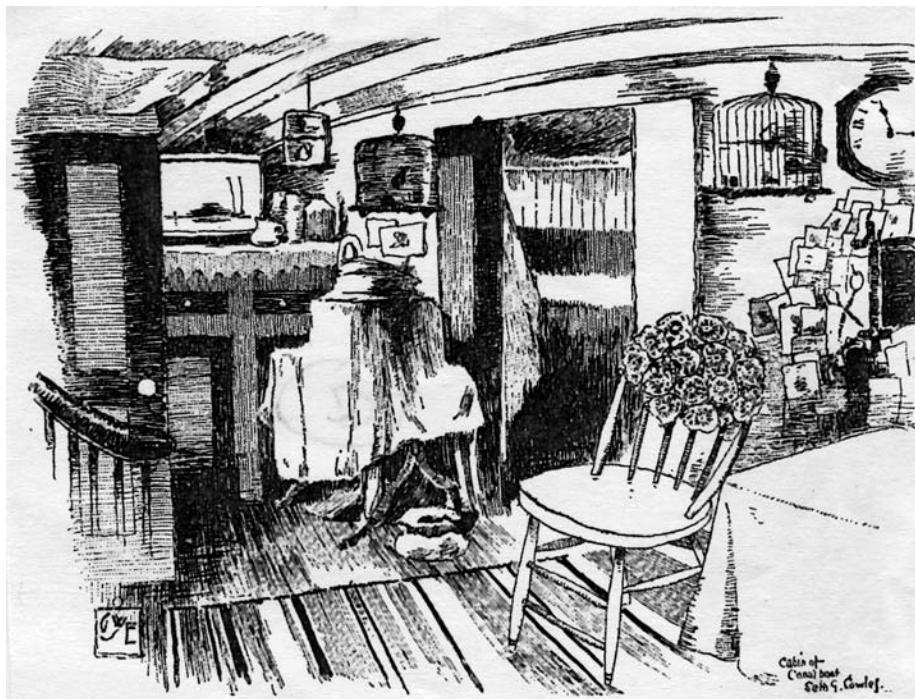
It was evident that the beauty of the interior still possessed the occupants like a spell and as each man removed from its place some rare object which had gone to make up

Cowles) would look naked enough after the stuff was h'isted out of her and that this trip had kind o' spiled him for canalling."

"Oh ye bric-a-brac gods," piously rejoined the Patriarch, intoning his voice. "Another convert."

A general comparison of notes and observations followed. Brushes said he also had remarked that Dusenberry had acquired of late a habit of assorting the wild flowers that daily came aboard and had made one corner of Marthy's kitchen fresh and cheery with field daisies and fragrant water-lilies. The Patriarch, being pressed, admitted that he had caught him examining intently the wrong side of a Turkish rug and speculating with Marthy as to the possibility of her duplicating it the next winter. The Scribe chimed in that it was catching and that he had detected the tow-boy tying dandelions to his hat-band

Dusenberry's kitchen.



the unique salon, he felt a pang as though ashamed of the work he was engaged in.

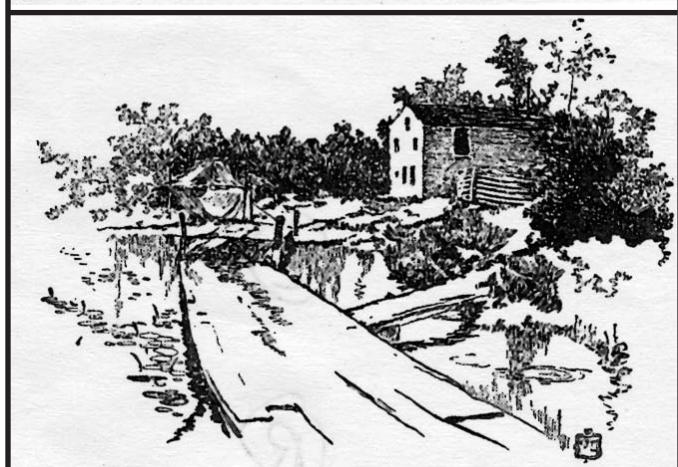
At last the tall spire of Trinity could be seen outlined against the morning sky and the great bank of yellow fog hanging like a cloud over the city.

The tow broke up into sections. One to Gowanus, another to Newtown Creek, and a third to Redhook. The *Cowles*, under special tow, glided up to her dock at East Thirty-fourth street, the home of the wharf rat and the dock tramp. As she neared her berth a man could be seen climbing a tall spile. Presently he waved his hat and shouted through his hand, "What boat's that?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*," returned Dusenberry.

"All right, Cap, your owner's been waiting for you for a week. You're chartered to take a load of lime to Sands Point and you got to hustle 'round and get your truck out or you'll lose it."

Later in the day three furniture wagons toiled up the ascending grade of Thirty-first street. From their sides and ends protruded the tops and arms of antique chairs, loose bits of rugs, brass lamps, mattresses, rolls of matting, cooking utensils, boxes, barrels, crates, pictures, canvases, easels, and awning poles. They were followed by four individuals who seemed to act as a bodyguard. Three of these wore knickerbockers, the fourth a sombrero of unusual size. All were sunburnt to a light chocolate brown. As the procession disappeared over the brow of the hill it left the impression on the mind of the observer that the party was homeless but had rescued its traps.



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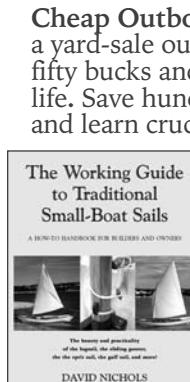
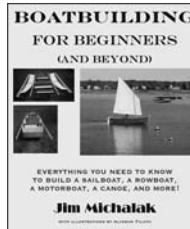


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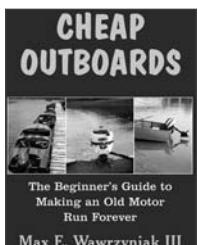
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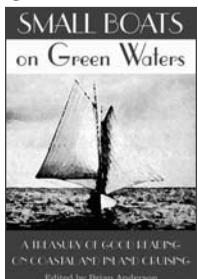


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When someone mentions "canoeing" it sometimes arouses a stereotype image of hunters or fishermen paddling a Canadian canoe on a lake in the deep North Woods or today of family recreational canoeing in protected local waters. Seldom do most associate sailing with canoeing. Sailing canoes to cruise or race were very popular in the US and Great Britain in the last half of the 19th century with canoe and boat clubs existing in almost every community of any size in the Northeast and as far west as the Great Lakes. But then as the years went by their popularity disappeared.

However, the 1930s were the years of the Depression in the US and the years of the resurgence of popularity of the sailing canoe. People didn't have much money in those days and most of their time was spent trying to figure out how to earn enough to keep bread on the table, no less finding the time or money to recreate on the water. My father at that time was retired from the New York City Fire Department and luckily had, and deserved, a pension that we as a family of four could live on.

We belonged to a modest yacht club on Echo Bay, New Rochelle, New York, where we kids spent the summer swimming or lying on the beach. As his family got a little older, my father decided that we should learn to sail. Some of the club members had outboard motor boats but even the low horsepower sea sled motors were very heavy and unreliable. There were a few Snipe and Wee Scot sailboats around but the majority of the younger members of the club were sailing undocked canoes. They were cheap and easy to keep up. They had the usual lateen rig and leeboards but were frequently steered by a paddle instead of a rudder. My father, always young in spirit, wanted to keep in step and thought the open stock canoe was the best boat for our recreational pursuits.

In 1936 my father ordered, for safety and stability reasons, an 18' sponson sailing canoe from the Old Town Canoe Company in Maine. The company literature said the sponson was so called for the 25lb air chambers built out from each side and extending from stem to stern. They classified the boat as non-capsizing, for even when filled with water the confined air was supposed to support a heavy weight.

We bought a 55sf lateen sail for the canoe which, unknown to us, met the ACA open cruising class requirements. Like the other young canoeists of the club, I was most enthusiastic about the possibilities of racing. Since class regulations stipulated that steering had to be done with a paddle, I was much against my father's buying Old Town's yoke rudder. He also bought a mast step and forward seat and two leeboards which were vertically mounted from a cross arm that was clamped to the canoe gunwales. Later we added a 35sf storm sail from Ratsey and Laphorne Company of City Island, New York.

Maintaining stability is a major problem in sailing a canoe. Going upwind in a chop in any type of canoe requires some ability, as does sailing a broad reach in a breeze. In the latter case the long boom of the lateen rig tends to "catch a wave" and cause a broach. The possibility of capsizing is always there. However, sailing in a wind under 15 knots in a fairly smooth sea is a delight. The ease and speed with which a sailing canoe slips through the water is unbeatable. With retractable leeboards that can be swung up out of the way and with a paddle or shallow draft rudder gunkholing is a wonderful pastime.

A Lifetime on the Water

By Lionel Taylor

Introduction

I've had a wonderful life on the water! It all began when at the age of seven or eight years I took my 24" model boat down to the Bronx River in Westchester County, New York, to sail. The river was not very wide or deep, and safe for a boy of my age. However, I fastened a string from a ball of kite cord to the boat's stem so I wouldn't have to wade in after her. I most often sailed alone, however, sometimes a friend from school came with me. He wasn't much fun because he had little interest in boats, he just wanted to wade in the water.

My mother must have reported my activities to my father, concerned that maybe it might be dangerous to let me go alone. Hearing of his son's activities must have hit a hidden responsive cord. He had recently received an invitation from my older brother's father-in-law to join his small yacht/beach club in New Rochelle, New York, on Long Island Sound. Seeing an opportunity to join with his young son in some water and boating activities, he joined.

Sure now that he was really a kid at heart himself, he soon purchased an Old Town sailing canoe. Not knowing anything about it, we were going to learn together how to participate in this wonderful sport. I have my father to thank for solidifying at a young age my love for the water and the sport of sailing. Because of my advanced age now I'm still sailing model boats but I have wonderful memories of my long life on the water on bigger ones.

In my past, I haven't sailed as much as some have. I haven't sailed or raced across big oceans or been in dangerous storms. I just can't stay away from salt water or sailboats. I have a wall of half models boats I and my father have owned and I sail in one every day if only in my mind. Heavenly bliss!

Canoe Sailing in the Good Old Days

We and 17 others stored our canoes on three-tiered racks on floats behind the clubhouse. My father made canvas covers for the lateen sails and stored them over the equipment lockers which held the rudder, leeboards, mast, and other necessary equipment for sailing. There was just one sliding door entrance to this large storage area which kept the movement of outside air to a minimum. I can still smell the odor of hemp, wet canvas, bathing suits, and mildew that lingered in the salt air.

To get underway we lifted the canoe off the rack, slid it overboard, and tied it up on the outboard side of the float. The short 6' mast was dropped into the mast step and se-

cured along with the rudder. My father had devised a steering system that consisted of a steering rope affixed to the rudder yoke and run through pulleys fastened to the gunwales so the boat could be steered from any location in the canoe. We sat in the bottom of the boat between the thwarts on boat cushions. The sail was then rigged and we were ready to push off.

The smooth, protected, back bay waters of Echo Bay would have provided an ideal locale for us beginners to learn how to sail. This fact was brought home to us the hard way after the first day out. In order to find open waters where a mistake in our sailing technique would not result in embarrassment, at the least, or in a collision with an anchored boat in the harbor or a grounding, at the worst, my father selected the middle of Long Island Sound as our classroom. After paddling out there we raised our sail to the prevailing southwesterly wind and ran speedily down the Sound, to our great delight. Sailing was a wonderful sport, just like they said!

Three miles from our home base we decided we should turn around and head back. We were appalled to find that when we headed south toward home, the sail just flapped and we went nowhere. There was no forward motion to the canoe at all. In fact, we were moving backwards! No one told us about having to tack when going to windward. Knowing no better, we took the sail down and my father paddled back into the teeth of a rising southwesterly. We arrived back at the club dock long after dark and just before the local police boat was to begin searching for us.

That episode almost ended the family's interest (mainly my father's) in sailing. The canoe remained on the rack for almost a month. I guess my father realized he was not ready for a life on the open sea, not just yet anyway. Reason prevailed, however, and our house was flooded with books on learning to sail. Selecting a quiet, unoccupied inlet in the bay five weeks later we resumed our sailing lesson with much more satisfactory results. The rest of the summer was devoted to expanding our knowledge of the basics, how and when to tack being our first priority! After getting out of the beginner stage in those quiet backwaters, we didn't want to leave. Gunkholing was too much fun.

On my birthday my father bought me a small, wood, 7' sloop that I kept on the beach. When my father was too busy to sail our canoe, I'd take the sloop out alone for a gunkholing trip around the back bay. It was my first experience at single handing and I loved the quiet and responsibility of my own command. It set a precedent that has carried over to my present sailing days.

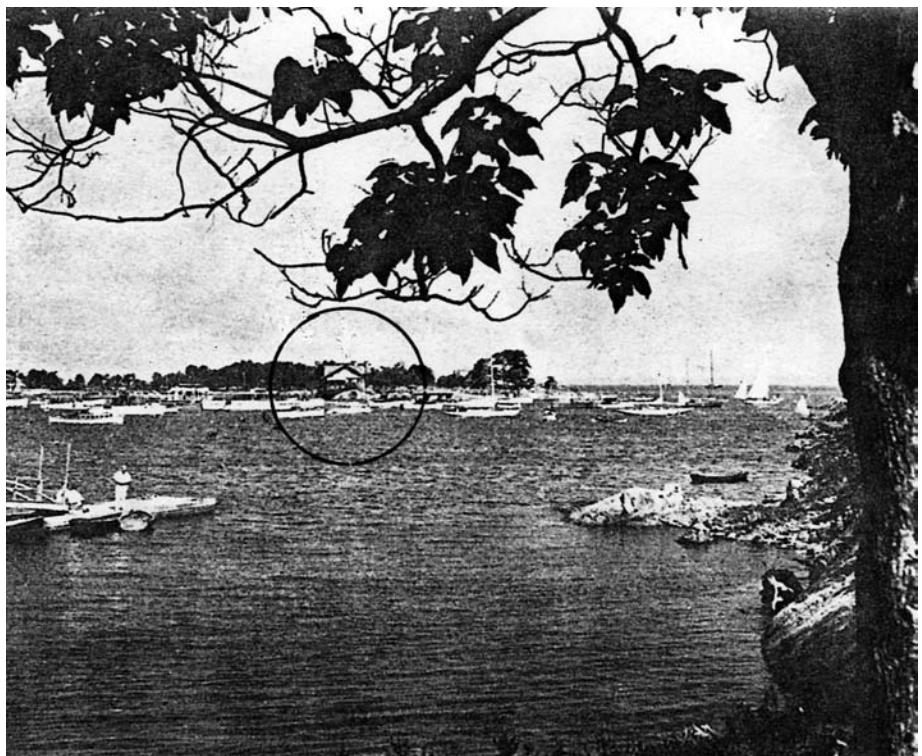
I thought I got so good at skippering that I challenged my father to a race against the canoe, although it seemed a little unfair, an 18' sailboat against a seven-footer. However, I was the one who helmed the bigger boat most of the time anyway and along with my single-handing the sloop I felt I had more experience.

Before the race we set a course, from the canoe float around a moored Snipe on a reaching leg, downwind to a dam at the end of an isolated inlet, and from there a beat back to the float and the finish line. On the first leg we were pretty much even but when we turned downwind the bigger sail on the canoe produced a speed that quickly left me behind. On the beat back to the finish, however, the little sloop, because of her fore and aft rig, began to close the gap.

Part of the leeward inlet was rather narrow with a small, mussel-covered island in the middle. There was enough room to get by but my father timed his port tack too tight and the canoe ran aground. I gleefully sailed by as he struggled to get the boat back in the channel. I can still see him now, a bare foot hanging over the starboard side, pumping the sharp mussel shells to get free, long sleeve shirt flapping in the breeze, white hat with green isinglass brim tilted, waving his arm at me as I crossed the finish line. I had won! Needless to say that was the first and last race we ever sailed against one another!

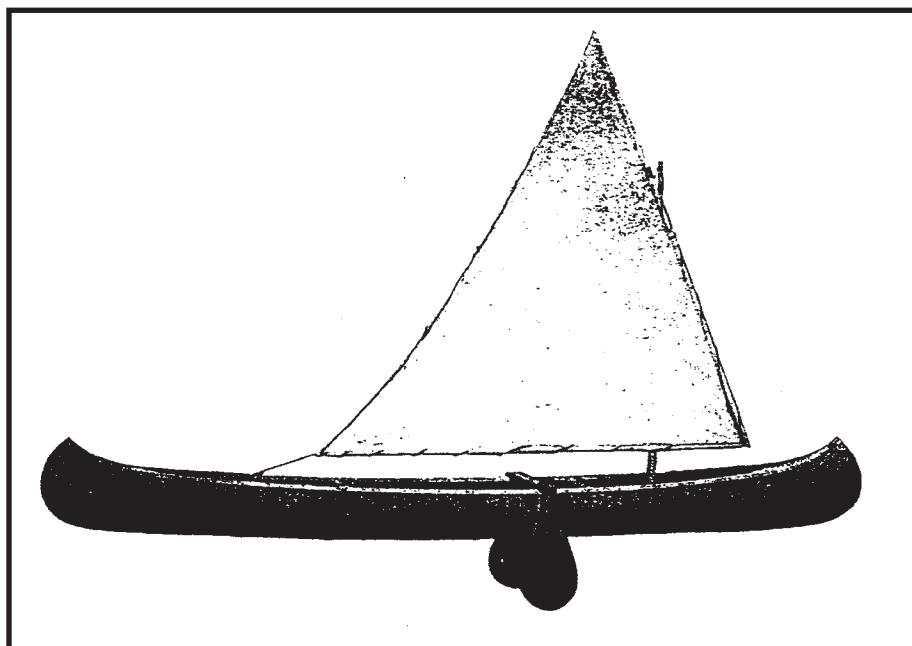
When I went away to college my father bought an outboard bracket and small motor for the canoe and on days when I was away at school he'd motor around the local bays we frequented years before under sail. Even later, after we purchased a racing sailboat, I'd frequently look over to the club float at our green sponson canoe waiting patiently on the rack for another sail and think those really were the days!

(To Be Continued)

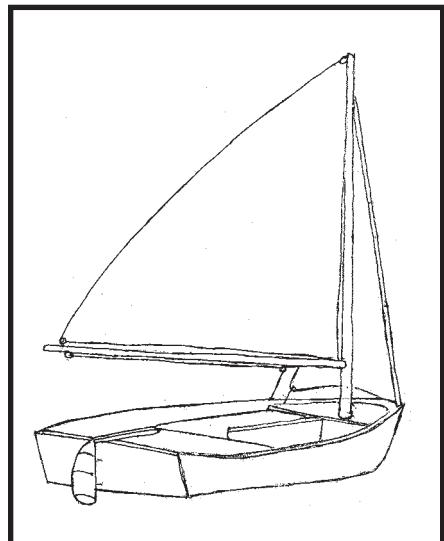


The Old Town sailing canoe (catalog picture)..

Echo Bay with the Echo Bay Yacht Club on far shore (in circle).



My 7' sailing dinghy.





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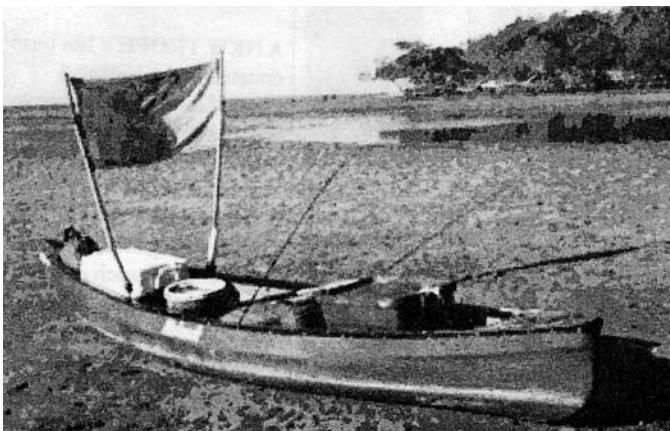


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Many canoe sailors have a long involvement in the sport. In fact, it is whispered that a few of them were conceived while their parents were on "late night cruises" off Sugar Island. Needless to say, the sport is deeply ingrained in their blood. At the other end of the spectrum, I am a relative newcomer who paid for his first ACA sail with the proceeds from a Social Security pension check. Canoe sailing for me is an evolutionary process (at times a very slow process).

My entry into canoe sailing began six years ago, quite by chance, while on a 30-day paddling trip along the 100-mile wilderness trail in Everglades National Park, Florida. I became stranded by a severe blow-out tide and during the wait for water to once again cover the sand flats, I used the time to fashion a crude square sail. The two masts were made from mangrove roots and the sail was a piece of towel about 3'x2' for a total sail area of a whopping 6sf! Believe it or not, that was enough to push my little 13' solo canoe at a decent speed while on a downwind run, and since the rod holders were adjustable 360 degrees, I was actually able to realize some benefit even on a broad reach. Sailing sure beat paddling and I was hooked!!

My First Canoe Sail

After my first canoe sail, upon my return to New Jersey, I began to research sailing in earnest. At this point in time, five years ago, I could easily have written the full extent of my sailing knowledge on the back of a postage stamp (now I could fill both sides)! After many hours on the Internet, more time at the local library, and even more time corresponding via email, I eventually learned the very basic principles of sailing. I determined that a small batwing sail would suit my purpose and designed one from a scaled-down version found on the Internet. My daughter was enlisted to do the sewing, which was no problem on her conventional machine since I only used a thin nylon material. Mast and boom were made of the $\frac{1}{8}$ " aluminum tubing used in fabricating Bimini tops and boat rails, the sail battens $\frac{1}{8}$ "x1" plastic strips bought at Home Depot, and a leeboard was constructed from an old wooden paddle fastened to a piece of PVC pipe. It was two positions, UP or DOWN. In the meantime I had purchased a sleek new canoe, a Mad River Independence, which I fitted with a mast step and thwart.

With a sail area approaching 20sf I was ready for some serious sailing. By the following spring I had made contact with the Delaware Valley Division of the ACA and Marilyn Vogel invited me to "join in the sailing" at Union Lake, Millville, New Jersey. I arrived

Evolution of a Canoe Sailor

By John Depa

early to set up my boat, eagerly anticipating the compliments that I would receive. I had never seen an ACA or C-Class rig and had no idea how puny my rig actually was. To her everlasting credit Marilyn did not burst out laughing. Instead she just said, "My, that sure is a little sail you have there." I took it for a test sail and asked her to make suggestions. I think she advised me to, "wait until we set up our rigs and perhaps you will get a few ideas for improvement."

I just couldn't believe how big the ACA lateen sails were! And I was in awe watching the races, such beauty, balance, and grace. During the first break, somewhat embarrassed, I disassembled my own rig and stowed everything back on the vehicle. Time to "go back to the drawing board." I took a lot of photographs and measurements of other boats and asked many questions, but was still not convinced that the ACA rig was right for me. (I'm not TOO hardheaded!)

Over the next 12 months two things happened. I acquired a 16' Tanzer sailboat and a 17' Grumman sailing canoe complete with a 65sf gunter rig. I learned to sail the Tanzer and even towed it to Florida that winter where I sailed/camped for a period of 45 days and logged over 500 miles in the Keys Thousand Island area. At least I was learning the basics of sailing. I only tried the Grumman canoe once on my own and that ended in a "flip."

The following May I again made the trip to Union Lake for the ACA races, this time with the Grumman. Marilyn helped me set up the rigging and took it for a test spin so I could see that it was (in fact) possible to sail without flipping over. I entered the first race even though I was ineligible for trophy placement because my 65sf sail was much larger than the official ACA 44sf lateen rigs, hence I had unfair advantage (ha, ha). I stayed in the rear at the start so as not to interfere with the real racers and made it all the way to the second buoy mark before flipping over. That water was cold!

Wet and discouraged, I began to disassemble the rig when Dan Reiber offered to sail with me during the second race. He had not brought his own canoe so was free to "show me the ropes." We finished dead last (although not by a wide margin) which is to be expected when one considers the weight

we carried, inefficient design of the Grumman aluminum rig, and the fact that Dan insisted I tend the mainsheet. He is aptly described as "a sailor's sailor" and I learned a great deal during that single race (he sure can talk a blue streak).

But more importantly he demonstrated the beauty of the sport and afterwards I made arrangements with Marilyn to buy an ACA sail. I was now an official ACA canoe sailor, never mind that I did not have a proper canoe nor did I really know how to sail one! I was enthusiastic and even attended the 2005 Sugar Island Camp where I acted as a starting official and rescue boat operator (never did get my trophy for that).

In the fall of 2005 I sold the Tanzer and acquired a larger boat, a 19' Drascombe Luger, which has a main, jib, and small mizzen sails. Its "claim to fame" was that it is the first open boat to sail 7,000 miles across the Pacific. I have no intention of attempting anything that dramatic but it afforded me more sailing experience during extensive coastal trips. I also sold the Grumman and began searching for another canoe to convert to sailing, eventually finding a real bargain on eBay.

It's a Kevlar composite made by two young fellows from Ontario (they have since gone out of business). The hull was checked by the official ACA "measure man," Larry Zuk, and was found to conform to ACA and five-meter class rules. As a retired wood-working teacher I enjoyed fabricating and fitting the various components. I used mahogany for the structural elements and laminated that with white cedar where weight is a factor, such as the spars and leeboard. Information provided on the ACA website is sufficient to get one started and I referred to my photographs and measurements for further details in an effort to keep overall weight to a minimum and alter the canoe as little as possible.

I elected not to build watertight decking (which most others do have). Instead I use two large flotation bags, one each laced into the bow and stern. The entire project became a labor of love and I was (almost) ready to launch by May 2006. The only thing I lacked was a rudder (some would argue that I don't really need one, ha, ha) so I compromised and bought one designed for a Laser sailboat. After a few pre-season trials during early May 2006 I was ready for my third visit to Union Lake, this time as an official entrant! The evolutionary process had come a long way.

Finished Canoe Rig

During the first race at Union Lake, in the ACA Class, I (what else) flipped over

and could not recover in time to even enter the second race. The third race saw me finish "in the money" but I was disqualified (and placed last) just for broadsiding one canoe and playing bumper car with another... picky, picky, picky. So my overall standing in the ACA division was DNF, DNS, DSQ. Not a very impressive beginning! I did not have a five-meter sail so I used the same ACA rig in the C-Class races which ran on the following day. I did manage to finish ahead of one other sailor but only because his canoe was disabled and he DNS the last race.

As for myself, I resolved to accomplish two goals during the remainder of the season: try to stay upright so as to at least finish a race, and not to cause any more serious (collision) fouls. To that end I stayed well clear of the start line, was very conservative when "sheeting in," and gave a wide berth at every buoy mark. Even at that I still flipped a few more times and had some (very) minor bumps. I also continued to use the smaller (44sf) ACA sail during all races. I had enough trouble staying upright without hoisting a larger 55sf sail.

My overall 2006 racing record was dismal to say the least. There were a few (very few) individual races during which I caught a lucky breeze and managed to finish ahead of a few other boats, but did not finish in the upper 50% during any three-race series. I always managed to flip or get "caught in irons" to knock myself out of competition. That being said, I still enjoyed the season immensely. Each racing weekend found me in a different, more beautiful location and the camaraderie of the canoe sailors is difficult to overstate.

I attended all ACA races and all but one series of C-Class races that season (and have attended every series since). The steady stream of friendly sailing advice was enough to boggle the mind. Though often contradictory, sailing pointers are always given in the true spirit of being helpful. After listening to detailed history, stories, and technical data (very often the long version, repeated several times) I am convinced that some of these sailors are true icons in the sport.

My resolve for the 2007 racing season was to finish in the upper 50% of the fleet but that just was not happening early on. I was improving but could not keep pace with the majority. During that season I also made changes/repairs to the rigging. The spars I built for the ACA rig were too flimsy and dumped air in a stiff breeze so I switched to cut-down Sunfish aluminum spars which work much better (although not nearly as pretty). However, I retained the hollow mahogany mast, which is all that's really seen anyway.

Also, I had to scrap my handsome wooden gooseneck after the second time it broke during a race, now I use a brass Sunfish model. My mast step also broke during a race and was replaced with a beefed-up version. And last but not least, the fancy wood leeboard bracket shattered during a race at Sugar Island. That was repaired with a heavy aluminum angle. In short, I had to replace just about every component of the original rig. I just underestimated the amount of force generated by wind and sail.

The time had come for me to fabricate a five-meter rig with a bigger sail. I didn't want to put out big bucks for a mast and custom made sail so I purchased a used carbon fiber windsurfing mast (\$30) and a "made in China" copy of a Laser 4.7m sail (\$168). Sure, the mast would probably be a bit flimsy (it is)

and I would be giving up 5sf of sail area allowed by the rules, but I wasn't competitive anyway and I figured the reduced sail area and forgiving mast might enable me to remain upright (and it has). I spent many hours tweaking the sails for various wind conditions. It's amazing what a difference just $\frac{1}{4}$ " in outhaul or downhaul can make! Now, I can honestly say that they both set full in a moderate breeze.

Laser 4.7m Sail

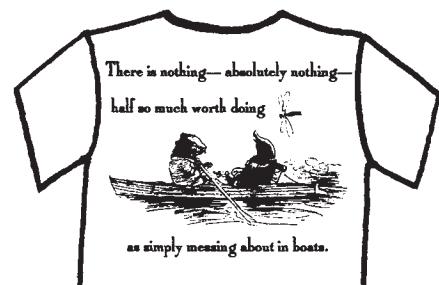
However, I was still not able to put together a competitive three-race series. I was fine on the straight runs, catching and sometimes even passing top contender boats, but I always floundered on the tacks and at buoy marks which required a sharp change in course. Quite frankly, by mid-season I seriously considered "packing it in" I was so frustrated. Everyone offered advice and encouragement but it was Tom Uebel who provided the solution. One day at Lake Sebago he took my canoe for a short test run, steering with a paddle as he always does, and after traveling less than 50 yards commented, "How can you sail this canoe? The leeboard is placed way too far aft and you have no steering control. Move it forward at least an inch and you will be amazed at the difference."

Quite frankly, I had reservations, how can one inch make that much difference? But I decided give it a try, nothing to lose. When I went to move the thwart I noticed that by doing so a distance of $12\frac{1}{8}$ " I could utilize one of the existing screw holes, so that's where it was relocated (very scientific). Next race series I could not believe the improvement, it was like sailing a totally new boat! Although racing in a reduced field at Pymatuning, Ohio, I finished #1 in the ACA series and came in ahead of a number of Sunfish boats sailing in the same regatta. Later, at Sugar Island, I won another single race and was doing well overall until my leeboard bracket shattered. Thanks to Tom, I was a born-again canoe sailor!

During early September I towed the Drascombe Lugger up to Maine and spent 18 days exploring the Maine Island Trail, camping on small islands. The trip covered about 400 miles so I was still in "sailing mode" upon my return home to compete in the Nationals. A total of 15 canoes entered the regatta which was hosted by the Lake Nockamixon Sailing Club, Pennsylvania. I didn't earn a trophy but managed to win one of the ACA races and finish a close second in a C-Class race, which was much more than I ever expected in that highly competitive field. To give you some idea of how close the leading sailors are matched, five of the six races were won by different people. I think my overall placement in the two divisions was fourth and fifth, an indication the "newcomer" had continued to evolve.

I would like to note that there were several key points where the whole process of evolution almost came to an abrupt ending. It was the timely advice and constant encouragement from the top sailors that saw me through those low points. And it's noteworthy that these same sailors exhibited a deep, empathetic joy on the few occasions when I managed to finish ahead of them. Not just the usual, "Nice race, John," they were actually grinning from ear to ear, elated!! It has made me realize that there is much more to this sport than winning a few races and that no two sailors are involved for exactly the same reasons.

Some build their own rigs while others buy used. Some canoes exhibit fine wood-work (bordering on cabinetmaking quality) and others have that "wooden tree house" look. Rigging on a few is state-of-the-art Harken hardware while a few others have a distinct "Mr Gadget" configuration. The latest in Kevlar/carbon fiber is used by some while more traditional canoes (canvas over steam bent ribs) are seen sailing in the same fleet. And while some are intent on winning, others are just as content to simply enjoy the day, the race being no more than a flimsy excuse to be on the lake sailing. This sport has something to offer everyone. Give it a try and begin your own "process of evolution?"



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Single Blading a Sea Kayak

Excerpts from My Paddling Log

By Greg Welker

May 2007

During the last several years a friend has completed two of the Watertribe challenges, including a Florida circumnavigation. One of the items he used during the last trip was a single blade canoe paddle modified for use with his kayak. The theory is that using a single blade paddle for very long distance days reduces fatigue since you are only lifting half a kayak paddle and don't have really any windage issues from the upper blade. Intrigued by his comments, and what I have been reading on the long distance paddling networks, I have borrowed one of his paddles to use for a while.

The paddle I have been using is a Power Surge FW-Z Light by Zaveral Racing Equipment (www.ZRE.com). Weight is listed as 8.5 ounces. The owner has reduced the shaft length to 40" to allow for easier paddling from a kayak's lower seat position. The paddle is a bent shaft at a 12° angle and constructed of carbon fiber. *Sea Kayaker* magazine's June 2007 issue had a very informative article on how to paddle a sea kayak with one of these. I read the article a couple of times, then took the paddle to the water to give it a try. Here were my first impressions.

This is a very light paddle. When changing sides I feel like I have to be careful not to accidentally throw the paddle away. I wonder how this would feel in very high wind situations. But then again, I'm not sure I'd use this in high winds and waves as there might be times when the paddle is on the port side, and the brace needs to be on the starboard, and my kayaking instincts would get me in trouble. The paddle is very well made, sturdy, with no noticeable give or flex.

I normally paddle with a Greenland style kayak paddle and the stroke distance (where I put the paddle in the water to where I take it out) feels very similar between the Greenland and single blade paddles. The rapid cadence of the blade stroke will feel very familiar to Greenland paddlers. So far I've only used the paddle in my Outer Island sea kayak which has a skeg but no rudder. Without the skeg, in flat water with no wind, I take about four strokes per side before I veer too far off course. With the skeg down I take about eight strokes per side before switching. I lose time, momentum, speed, and rhythm by having to switch sides, which I suspect I'm doing badly.

I anticipate that in a ruddered boat the course correction issue will improve and I will be able to paddle longer, if not as long as I want, on one side before switching to relieve my muscles. I can comfortably cruise for many hours in the Outer Island at about 3.2-3.4mph in flat water with winds 10kts or less on the beam. At an exercise pace I can average about 3.6-4.0mph. I suspect my speed will go up with a ruddered boat. In a semi serious sprint I can hit and hold 6.0mph for a couple of minutes.

The J stroke familiar to most canoeists does not appear to be an option with these paddles. The bend in the blade/shaft connection seems to drop my speed quickly when I rudder. Sweep strokes work well. Side scull-



Single blading in the Outer Island. (Photo by Jenny Plummer-Welker)

ing strokes work well. I can roll the kayak easily with the paddle. It is similar to rolling with half of a European style kayak blade. I use an extended arm sweep from a Pawlata roll. Rolling with the power face down is easier than with the back of the blade. The paddle works much like a traditional kayak paddle as an outrigger when entering or exiting the boat from a beach. I could see myself using this paddle for day trips where I am trying to go very long distances on windless days, or to use in the last third of a very long paddle as a change of pace from my typical Greenland paddle. I will be doing more paddling with this paddle in the coming weeks.

July 2007

Friday night the Saturday forecast called for winds 0-5kts out of the west, changing to south. My favorite paddling partner (my wife) had a business commitment so I was on my own. I took my Maryland state atlas off the shelf and looked to see what areas were not yet colored in, which is how I mark where I have paddled. I found a likely-looking spot of about 15 miles of bay coastline and checked the tides. There would be a high tide at the northern third of the area by 10am and a low at the southern end by 3pm. There was a launch point at the bottom of the top third of the area. So the plan was get up early, launch, paddle north to catch the top third on a slightly incoming tide, turn around and do the whole area southward. Arriving at the southern limit of the 15-mile stretch I would put up the sail on my sea kayak and sail back to the launch on the south wind and rising tide.

I was on the water by 7am, paddling my well-worn Current Designs Pisces (17' x 24") loaded with sail rig, lunch, and about 1.5 gallons of water. I paddled down the tidal creek and headed north up the Chesapeake Bay using my Greenland paddle, but at the top end of the area I turned around and switched to the borrowed single blade canoe paddle and paddled south to the southern limit of my day trip.

A trick I have discovered to keep up my pace is to customize one of the screens on my Magellan Sportrak GPS. I set part of the screen to show my average speed for the trip

so far. Under this I set it to show my current speed. Then I tell myself not to let my current speed drop below the average speed of the trip. If you think about this you'll realize what happens. Let's just say you don't slow down. By this time I had logged about 21 miles on the trip. I beached and ate lunch for 15 minutes, then got back in the boat. I was still feeling pretty good and the wind hadn't materialized so I started single blading north. At 26 miles I had not found the anticipated wind. I was setting my sights on a 30-mile paddling day, which would be a new record for me with a Greenland paddle in this boat, and I was anticipating being sore the next day.

However, at the moment I was still feeling pretty good and the single blade didn't seem to be taking as much effort for the trip so far as I would have expected from the Greenland paddle. At 34 miles I was on a mission. I got back up to the launch point, kept going north several miles, side tripped to a tidal creek, then back out onto the bay and arrived back at the ramp 11 hours 52 minutes after my start and with 40.48 miles on the GPS (later verified by software and chart at home). I was still feeling pretty decent, as if after about a 20-something-mile day with this boat and the Greenland paddle.

Now I know that there are people out there who do much more than that in a single day. In fact, the person I had borrowed the single blade from had just completed a circumnavigation of Calvert County, a distance of 80-90nm in 34 hours and 45 minutes, including sleeping for a few hours. My previous best daily distance by paddle has been 28 miles and my best day distance for a paddle/sail combination is 32.8 miles. So doing 40 miles was a personal best.

An elderly couple was taking their powerboat out at the launch when I got back. The lady asked me if I had paddled all the way down to the mouth of the creek. I told her I had just done 40 miles. "Oh my God!" she said.

I have been doing a number of longer trips since then and have purchased a single blade of my own. I am in the process of planning some trips to test my multi-day endurance and distance with the paddle and will provide an update this summer.

Crazy Night for Kayak Adventurers

By Paul Bibby
The Sydney Morning Herald
December 19, 2007

A "crazy, horrible night" is how one of two Australian kayakers has described the hours they spent floundering in the Tasman Sea while powerful waves and 30kt winds hammered their disabled kayak. Justin Jones has spoken for the first time about the harrowing night he and James Castrission spent in pounding seas after the rudder of their double-hulled kayak became tangled in a cable last night.

The duo, who are attempting the first trans-Tasman kayak crossing, spent the night in survival suits with emergency beacons strapped to their chests in fear that they would be thrown into the sea.

"Crazy night last night... listening to the main line screeching against the rudder," Jones said in a video report posted on the duo's website, crossingthetditch.com.au. "Everybody don't worry, we're fine and the kayak is fine and just looking forward for this wind to abate."

The duo got into trouble late last night when they were hit by a large wave and a crucial cable, known as the power anchor line, became tangled around the craft's rudder. With the seas rising and winds reaching 30 knots, diving into the water to unhook the cable would have been a life threatening move.

Jones said that the swell had now dropped and the two travelers were hoping to continue with their journey. "We will try to fix ourselves as soon as the opportunity presents itself today, or if not, wait until the seas abate even further," he said. "We're through the worst of the wind now and it just looks like going to wait it out."

The director of the kayaker's Australian based support team, Patrick Brothers, said there had been a possibility that a strong wave last night could have ripped the rudder off and taken part of the kayak with it. "They're still around 900km from New Zealand, any rescue mission would take days to reach them." He said a combination of unfavorable currents and rough seas had set the duo back over a week in their journey, a major setback considering they have been paddling up to 12 hours a day to get where they are now.

The two men set off on the 2200 kilometre voyage from Forster in a custom-designed double kayak on November 13. The friends, who went to school together, hope theirs will be the first successful attempt by kayakers to cross the Tasman Sea after a series of failed bids.

The most tragic bid occurred in February, when 39-year-old Australian Andrew McAuley died.

Admire the Bravery but Consider the Cost
Editorial in *The Age*, Melbourne, Australia
December 30, 2007

Sometime today or tomorrow, God and currents willing, a high-tech rowing boat powered by four tired but happy rowers should enter Sydney Harbour after crossing the Tasman. Cameras will click and whir, a fleet of

Extreme Paddling News

A winter issue of *The Paddler*, newsletter of the Rhode Island Canoe & Kayak Association, featured several articles from around the world about extreme paddling adventures lifted from Australian and Scottish newspapers. Cautionary tales for those in winter fantasizing deeds of derring-do when summer comes, perhaps.

small craft will turn out to escort the adventurers to the line, and sponsors will savour the publicity bonanza, or at least heave a sigh of relief. Days later, with luck, a variation on the same scene will be repeated in Auckland Harbour when two exhausted young Australians paddle their kayak into safety after many weeks and 2200 kilometres.

If and when each happens, much will be made of them and their feat. Success has many fathers, the saying goes, and the back slapping and celebration and vicarious identification with the heroes of the hour will last for a few days before their names fade into trivia quiz answers.

For the record, the kayakers are James Castrission and Justin Jones, who left the NSW coast on November 13 in their nine-metre kayak, *Lot 41*. The rowers, aboard their boat *Sarag*, are Steven Gates, Andrew Johnson, Kerry Tozer, and surf boat champion Sally Macready. Each crew, if successful, will claim a place in the record books and they deserve that and any other reward. They are extraordinary athletes, not only for their physical endurance but their Napoleonic self-belief.

Which brings us to the other, darker side of such attempts. It takes, perhaps, a certain type of person to undergo adventure by ordeal, a person whose courage is matched only by their willingness to risk inflicting misery on loved ones and cost on the community. Think Tony Bullimore, the English yachtsman rescued by the Australian Navy. Think, tragically, of Andrew McAuley, who died last summer attempting to paddle solo to New Zealand. One of the most heart-breaking news photographs of the year was of his grief-stricken widow, weeping for a man who gambled his own life but ruined his family's. Heroic, perhaps. But selfish, too.

Rescued Canoe Couple Described as "Idiots"

December 12, 2007, *Scottish Daily Record*

Two canoeists (*kayakers in the UK*.—Ed) who sparked a massive five-hour search and rescue operation have been slammed as "idiotic." Four Coast Guard teams, the Navy, police, and volunteers responded to the alarm after the man and woman failed to return to their guesthouse.

They battled "horrendous" weather conditions in a bid to trace the couple who had gone out on Loch Awe, Argyll, on Monday afternoon. The pair, from Yorkshire, were finally found around 2am yesterday camping on the island of Innis Chotinell.

But last night they came under fire for failing to tell anyone of their plans. It's

thought the rescue operation cost about £18,000. One source said, "This type of behaviour is idiotic." Iain MacKinnon, of Obin Coast Guard, revealed they were expecting "a much worse outcome." He explained, "Loch Awe is treacherous and there have been so many fatalities there." He said it was "a fact" the pair had put others at risk but "they just didn't think."

Argyll SNP MSP Jim Mathers added, "This is unfortunate and regrettable. It was a waste of resources."

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19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

The International Scene

The 10,000 or so ships on order around the world with deliveries up to 2013 will require more financing (about US\$350 billion) than banks think will be available, said one expert. Another expert commented that 30-40% of all containerships on order may never be built because of the credit squeeze.

Losses on container lines across the Pacific may well exceed \$1 billion a year, mostly because of increasing fuel prices, and container ships leaving that trade will not return, warned industry leaders.

One of three mariners unfairly jailed in Greece after cocaine was found on the banana carrying freighter *Coral Sea* "lost contact with reality" after bail was denied for the second time in the seven months since their arrest.

Ships are twice as likely as five years ago to be involved in a serious casualty, announced one classification society. Smaller crews and decreasing levels of experience and complex technical cures to those problems are the main causes.

Venezuelan scientists and military officers were ferried by the Uruguayan research ship *Oyarvide* to a Uruguayan research base in the Antarctic. Uruguayan supporters called the trip "a gesture of friendship" and Venezuelan president Chavez hailed his people as "pioneers."

Japanese whaling in the Antarctic was harassed by the *Sea Shepherd*, whose crew threw stink bombs on the factory ship *Nisshin Maru* and managed to secrete a satellite device on a killer boat. Australia, which had the patrol vessel *Oceanic Viking* on scene, condemned these actions but warned Japan to take actions to prevent violence.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Some ships simply ran aground:

The container ship *Maersk Santana* had a machinery failure and ended up aground across the traffic lane at Hamburg.

In Qatar the ro-ro *Grande Napoli* grounded in shallow water outside the Doha pilot station.

In Dubai the freighter *Farsi* went aground after an anchor chain broke. A coast guard tug also went aground during rescue attempts.

In the Sea of Azov, the northern part of the Black Sea, a "twitch" in the sea ice forced the *Nikolay Sutyrin* aground near the entrance buoy to Taganrog (hometown of Anton Chekov) even though the ship was in a convoy led by the ice breaker *Kapitan Demidov*.

After discharging its cargo at a power station south of Copenhagen, heavy winds blew the Russian tanker *Azov Mariner* ashore.

While trying to deliver fuel at New Providence in the Bahamas, the Shell tanker *Ficus* struck a reef and stayed there for some time.

The Russian dry cargo river/sea freighter *Ataman* went aground in the Aegean Sea although the weather was fine and the chief mate was the duty officer.

While being towed to a repair yard because of a hole in its engine room, the coastal reefer *Arlu* ran aground near Makhachkala (a Russian port in the republic of Dagestan on the western shore of the Caspian Sea).

The product tanker *Breakthrough* ran aground at the famed (do Google their romantic history!) Cocos (Keeling) Islands off Australia.

Three vessels more or less simultaneously collided in Akashi Strait in Japan's Inland Sea. The oil tanker *Golden Phoenix* and

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

the fishing vessel(?) *Eisei Maru 5* survived but the small Belize cargo ship *Gold Leader* sank, taking with it three of its crew of nine.

Other vessels sank or tried to sink:

A no-name-given Panamanian-flagged vessel took on water off the northern Philippines and most of its crew were evacuated.

The Chinese bulker *Jinshan* sank north of the Philippine and 26 of 28 seamen were rescued by a passing tanker.

The partially unloaded but anchored *Joy 5* radioed Odessa Port Control for help because it was listing and the master feared a possible capsiz.

The Greek supramax bulker *Ioannis K* capsized and sank in heavy seas off the Philippines and its crew of 27 was rescued.

The Vietnamese tanker *Duc Tri* sank in the South China Sea at night and 14 died.

The beer-carrying *Don Wilfredo* capsized and sank off the coast of Philippines' Sorsogon province. The Coast Guard and Navy rescued 17 of the crew of 19. However, 76,744 cases of beer were not rescued.

Some vessels just went missing:

Fishing boats disappeared off China, in one week maybe five or six.

The freighter *Captain Uskov* went missing in Japanese waters and nothing was found except, several weeks later, a motorized rescue boat with nobody aboard.

The freighter *Rezzak* sailed in bad weather from Russia's Novorossisk for Turkey's Bartin, a 24-hour voyage. It never arrived although a life raft, life jackets, and other oddments were found. There were subsequent suspicions of maritime fraud, the same manning agency handled the tug *Jupiter 6* which also disappeared during a voyage in 2005.

In the Black Sea a Panamanian-flagged cargo vessel disappeared along with 25 Indian crew members.

Fire and explosions played a part:

Which came first, the oil spill or the fire? That was the question that bothered Brazilian authorities after a fire on the Chilean-flagged car carrier *Rio Blanco* at Santos and a spill of 800 litres of oil. The fire killed three.

Northeast of Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians fire swept the fish factory *Pacific Glacier* and most of its crew was evacuated while fire-fighting continued, eventually successfully.

Other problems afflicted mariners:

Steering failure on the ro-ro *Otani* left her adrift on the Japan Sea and awaiting arrival of the salvage tug *Slavyanka*.

Hurricane-force winds off Denmark caused the ro-ro *Victoria VI* to lose five trailers overboard and enough cargo shifted so that the vessel developed a list.

Cranes were a pest:

In Felixstowe high winds caused the mooring lines holding the Chinese container-crane carrier *Zhen Hua 23* to snap and the ship slid along the pier. The aftermost of seven cranes knocked over a shore based container crane and that toppled the next crane. Luckily a parked car stopped the rolling carnage but the car wasn't good for much any more.

Across the English Channel near Rotterdam sister ship *Zhen Hua 10*, carrying five towering container cranes, ran aground at the Hoek van Holland when it anchored too close to shore in high winds and it took four power-

ful tugs to pull it free. A Dutch inspector said it was questionable whether the crane-carrier (a semi-submersible conversion of a tanker) had enough power in light of its "wind-sensitive" cranes.

In Hamburg a shore-based container crane knocked antennas and satellite domes off the container ship *COSCO Ningbo*.

Across the North Sea, Southampton was still cleaning up from the dropping of gantry crane parts onto a box ship about two months earlier.

Gray Fleets

In the next five years the US Navy plans to sink 15 decommissioned warships, including the former aircraft carrier *Forrestal*, as the service continues to pare down its fleet of inactive ships. The Navy closed its submarine base at La Maddalena, ending 35 years on the island of Sardinia.

The Russian Navy took delivery of a new corvette and the first of a fourth-generation of nuclear submarines, the Project 955 Borey-class *Yuri Dolgorukii*, was launched at the Sevmash yard. Planning started in 1978 and construction started in 1996.

It seems that the row between India and Russia over modifying the aircraft carrier *Admiral Goshkov* was settled. Rumors in India that the US might transfer the aircraft carrier *USS Kitty Hawk* to India after the warship is decommissioned in the near future may have played a part. The Sevmash yard will get more money for completing the carrier and will continue to build the up to 12 commercial tankers whose construction was recently cancelled by a Norwegian firm. Sevmash plans to sell the tankers itself.

India is looking for more submarines, possibly Spain's S-80-class subs under development, a French Skoperné AIM-200, the Marlin class, the Russian Rubin (Advanced Kilo-class) sub, or Germany's Type 214. India is already buying six Skorpens.

India's military budget is now officially \$58.8 billion but is probably more like \$100-180 billion. Pakistan's naval chief warned of a new arms race after India tested a sub-launched ballistic missile that would give India a second-strike capability. (Pakistan has demonstrated in the past that it eventually catches up.)

A Nigerian gunboat rammed a passenger boat powered by a 40hp Yamaha outboard and carrying 14 people in Southern Nigeria and the collision killed four, including a child.

Japanese destroyers had collision problems: the *Hamayuki* collided with the anchored Cambodian freighter *Masan* at Ho Chi Minh (dents with resultant loss of face but no hari-kiris). The *Atago* ran down a small fishing boat and split it in two, killing two fishermen. Much public outcry that the Aegis-equipped warship should have seen the small fiberglass boat.

BAE has developed the wireless technology to pass data through several inches of steel, thus eliminating expensive penetrations in submarines that can be a source of leaks.

High-resolution photos of China's Type 094 nuclear-powered strategic-ballistic-missile submarines revealed that not much progress has been made in the last 30 years. The class seems to be a rushed update of the 092 submarines, not a new design, but the subs may eventually use the new 8,000km range JL2 SLBMs.

The South African Navy is using internal programs to retain highly trained techni-

cal personnel but sweeteners of up to \$45,000 are not keeping New Zealand Navy marine technicians in for another five years. The service needs 180 such technicians, is 50 short, and may be losing more.

Ten years after Canada bought four British submarines, at least three will be operational within the next 18 months. But a fire in 2004 on one, the *HMCS Chicoutimi*, has left about half of its crew at the time with a variety of health problems, many severe enough to cause them to be medically disabled.

White Fleets

Ignorant or arrogant? The cruise ship *Queen Elizabeth 2* was chided by British officialdom for steaming proudly, if blindly, in a wrong part of the English Channel while ignoring the legal rights of the approaching cross-Channel ferry *Pride of Kent*, which gave way at the last minute to avoid a collision.

The US Coast Guard airlifted a sick man from the *Elation* 260 miles to a San Diego hospital.

Two ill people were evacuated by a US Coast Guard helicopter from the *Westerdam* 80 miles south of Cuba. He went to the Guantanomo Bay hospital, she went to Miami.

A Chinese crewman went missing from the *Celebrity Constellation* off the east coast of Florida, a surveillance camera saw him go overboard.

A South African who has worked for one cruise line for eight years filed a lawsuit claiming "forced labor, slavery, and human trafficking." She wants her passport back so she can return home because she "refuses to work in a lower position at a lower rate of pay." The company, pointing out that she has signed several contracts since 2000, said the claims were "baffling."

Bar Harbor has become a destination for cruise ships but the Maine town's populace feels crowded and voted to limit the number of passengers coming ashore to 3,500 in the months of July and August, with the harbor-master being able to increase that number to 3,700 at his discretion. The number increases to 5,500 from May 1 to June 30 and for September 1 to October 31. (Numbers for the remaining periods are not available but few may want to go ashore during Maine's cooler and cold months.) The ban goes into effect in 2010.

In Australia, cruise line managers urged Brisbane to build a second, bigger cruise ship terminal since the new Portside Terminal cannot handle big ships like the *Queen Victoria* which was forced to dock at a grain wharf because it was unable to dock at Portside. And a Cunard official complained, "It costs us more to turn around *Pacific Star* [at Brisbane] than the *Queen Mary* at New York."

In 2006 Alaskan voters wanted "independent rangers" on cruise ships in state waters to monitor wastewater discharges and pollution law compliance so up to 35 rangers will sail on cruise ships during 2008. Rangers must be qualified third engineers or higher.

A California state bill would require similar rangers but would also make them security officials with Department of Justice peace officer status.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The Brazilian ferry *Almirante Monteiro* collided with a barge carrying fuel tanks on the Amazon and sank, carrying with it 20 people, another 92 were saved.

In the Philippines an engineer removed the exhaust manifold from an engine on the *Avelina* but failed to block access to seawater and the ferry sank at its pier.

In Taiwan for the first time, four Chinese fireboats responded to a ferryboat fire in Taiwanese waters. The *Tong An* was gutted five hours after docking from a trip from the island of Kinmen.

In Bangladesh the ferry *Shouravi-1* was hit from behind by a sand-carrying vessel. That killed one-third of the ferry's passengers. Next, both vessels tried to stay to starboard and that caused another collision. Then the cargo vessel ran over the sinking ferry. The final death toll was 49 people.

In the UK the 6,000-ton Irish Sea ferry *Riverdance* was flat on her side on the beach after a freak wave blew the ferry ashore at resort-center Blackpool during a Force 10 gale. Salvors installed four containers holding water tanks on the top edge, loaded the ship's high-side tanks with water, and dug a trench alongside. The plan was to use one powerful tug to roll her upright into the trench and then off the beach but continued bad weather kept the plan from being executed.

In the UK one of the *Pride of the Tyne*'s engines stopped during a seven-minute trip across the River Tyne when baby mussels finished clogging a pipe providing cooling water. The ferry made a safe landing but was taken out of service for a mussel hunt. Funny enough, mussels are no longer common in the Tyne estuary but mussel larvae seem to thrive.

Legal Matters

A California man who had lived aboard the fishing vessel *Kathryn Ann* docked in San Diego harbor pled guilty to three pollution incidents involving spilling of diesel fuel while refueling and pumping oily bilge water into the harbor. He agreed to reimburse the Coast Guard exactly \$12,203.64 and the State of California exactly \$2,404.20.

Illegal Imports

For second time in six months Trinidad customs and Coast Guard divers found a sizable quantity of marijuana in metal chests strapped to the hull of the *CFS Pamplona*.

French police heading a multi-national effort found more than three tonnes of cocaine on the coaster *Junior* some 150 miles off Guinea.

Nature

Carbon dioxide emissions from shipping are reputed to be adding to global warming but one of the European Union's top scientists reported that they may actually cool by forming clouds that reflect sunlight. But the soot and sulphur dioxide, forming a so-called "indirect aerosol," are mostly sulphur and that has bad effects including acid rain.

If the climate changes as many expect there is a 50% chance that Lake Mead, source of water for many millions in the US Southwest, will be dry by 2021.

Coastal nations have sovereign jurisdiction over the natural resources of their continental shelf so the US was pleased when a recent expedition showed that the foot of the continental slope off Alaska extends more than 100 miles farther out than previously thought.

Further checks reassured many that rats had not escaped from the wrecked trawler *Spinningdale* so as to populate the Scottish island of St Kilda.

About 700 gallons of di-methyl carbonate spilled on the *Hyundai Patriot* at Seattle and about 100 gallons entered Dumwamish River.

A mystery oil spill (maybe 500 gallons) at Barbers Point, Oahu, mystified authorities.

Australian authorities required that the many hulls (six) of the semi-submersible oil rig *Ocean Patriot* be free of New Zealand green-lipped mussels before the rig left New Zealand waters. Scraping was done but New Zealand authorities were afraid that the rig may have brought potentially invasive brown mussels from South Africa so it declared a 2km exclusion zone around the site of the scraping, dredged up the zone's bottom, and warned NZ mussel farmers of a possible brown mussel invasion.

A US court rejected California's limits on ship emissions. The state must seek federal approval before imposing pollution limits on the thousands of vessels that visit California ports.

A peer-reviewed report that more than 40% of the world's oceans are heavily impacted by human activities surprised many scientists.

Metal-Bashing

Russia said more than 20 Latin American, African, and Asiatic countries want to buy Russian-produced floating nuclear power plants. Each unit would output 70 MW.

Prices for ships to be scrapped reached high levels (\$630 per ldt in Bangladesh, for example, with \$700 per ldt for a VLCC tanker within sight) because ship owners keep on operating old ships in these times of high rates for tankers and bulkers (but not for LNG tankers).

Odd Bits

After an Australian trawler sank, two men spent 20 hours in the water and then one decided to swim for help. More than ten hours later he was plucked by a helicopter from a New South Wales beach cut, bruised, and exhausted. His cobber was later rescued.

High winds during winter storms in the UK blew seven empty containers off two freight trains.

A diver was working under a ferry at the time and narrowly escaped when strong winds snapped mooring lines on the 30,000-tonne North Sea ferry *King of Scandinavia* and it sailed down the River Tyne, crashing into the decommissioned semi-submersible oil rig *Northern Producer* on the way (little damage but deferred ferry sailings).

New York City will pay \$6.5 million to a man who lost a leg when the Staten Island ferry *Andrew J. Barberi* crashed into a concrete pier in 2003. The City has settled about two-thirds of 186 personal-injury cases with the largest settlements being about \$9 million each to a man and women who lost both legs.

The small boat *Suntory Mermaid II* will travel from Honolulu to Japan propelled by waves. Horizontal fins at the bow will convert wave action into propulsive power much as a whale or porpoise's tail does. Sails and an outboard are also part of the single operator's equipment but will be used only in an emergency or when entering a harbor. The boat's hull is made from recycled aluminum and electrical energy is supplied by solar cells.

Head-Shaker

None found this month.

Let's just say, I chickened out. And now, maybe, I'm feeling a bit embarrassed. Maybe.

It had been a long time in the dreaming stage. A short time in the planning stage. Way too short, I think. My friend, Scott, has been looking at boats for a couple of years. We have sea trialed a few, looked at a bunch of 'em. Lots of disappointments, some "near misses." And now, all of a sudden, he calls with, "I bought the boat!" Wow. "That's, well, that's great. Uh, which one?" Or something like that. Turns out it was the one that I liked the most. I pretty much picked this one. Like it or not, there's a full seabag of unstated responsibility when you recommend a boat to somebody you like and want to see again. And when it comes to things that are supposed to float on top, you can take that notion quite literally.

We put a delivery trip together pretty much on the fly. Less than 150 miles point to point. Shouldn't be such a big deal. As we talked by phone about bringing Scott's new baby down the coast from the LA area to San Diego, I was outside in a T-shirt and short

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

Well, You Have a RADAR

By Dan Rogers

pants. The sun was shining and it was probably over 70 degrees in the shade. The sort of weather some people consider "high season." Granted, I was outside hanging Christmas lights. It WAS December. And even in Southern California, we DO get winter. It's just harder to predict here than most of the rest of the country. But we do get winter here.

This boat trip was fraught with the normal "what ifs." Getting the final paperwork incident to buying a 32' sailboat through a broker even TO all the proper places and people is a significant task. Expecting the people at those places to take the required action and make the expected follow-through is exponentially harder. Things like completing surveys, arranging temp moorage, and getting personal schedules all lined up perfectly can be pretty big tasks all by themselves.

Scott and I each live about a hundred and some miles away from where the new boat was living, in opposite directions. That's hundreds of miles of Southern California freeways. One doesn't just casually expect to be someplace, with any degree of precision, during hours of daylight or darkness hereabouts. Not if you go by car, that is. And even taking the train, the car trips at either end take about as long as the "drive" would take. Well anyway, we had a "plan." And yes, part of it included dragging a ton of sailboat stuff through the catacombs of Los Angeles Union Station. Try packing for a trip that implies gloves, hats, foulies, and SUNSCREEN, all in the same breath.

We met more or less on schedule. We got our gear aboard. Not too many glitches so far.

Granted, it's been a while since I "broke into" a locked security gate in front of THE Los Angeles Yacht Club. What was I saying about people doing what they say they are going to do, showing up with keys and such? Anyway, we got her loaded out. Made the required trip to West Marine. Topped up the tanks. Took in the dock lines. And we headed for the breakwater. The Los Angeles Harbor Complex breakwater, that is. You know, representing the majority of our national trade deficit, LA Harbor. Big ships. Bigger ships. And really, really BIG ships coming and going.

We got soaked in before even making it "outside." From sunny and nice to cold, clammy, and low-viz in minutes. I was going to get the radar tuned up and figured out "on the way." Maybe even read the directions in the GPS manual, "on the way." Suddenly, it was time to do some of those electronic/administrative chores. I'll just set the auto pilot, go below, and get our eyes on. Oh yeah, that was another thing I was going to do "on the way." Auto just doesn't seem to be getting any electricity. Well, we'll just have to use the compass and chart and maybe hold an ad lib nav class for Scott. He's an eager student. But there are some things, even for smart guys like Scott, that are better to introduce when you're trying not to get run over. Oh yeah.

Of course, I had laid a track on the large scale chart from point to point. But since all I had to do was follow the buoys from San Pedro Marina to the "ocean," who woulda thought I needed to have a harbor chart out and all that? But about then that would have been a good plan. We did manage to feel our way and follow the bread crumbs back to the slip.

Well, over the course of that day we made two attempts to head out and start the voyage. Did I mention that day was a FRI-day? No, I'm not superstitious either. I do pay passing attention to traditions. But no, not superstitious. Not me. When the wind started coming up and the temperature started dropping down. When the roller furling jib sort of self-destructed. When I discovered that the reefing system hadn't been likely used in about six Super Bowls. When the fog marched back across the horizon and swallowed us up for the second time in two runs for the open sea. That was when I said, "Let's give it up for today." Don't get me wrong. She's a sweet boat. And I had promised that I would make the delivery trip. And we did have RADAR. But well, things just didn't seem to be, well, "right."

Back at the locked-to-non-members LA Yacht Club. With fog thinning and wind dropping a little. Nothing like a three story, block-long building to make for a local wind break. The former owner came by to give Scott a bon voyage gift. He looked askance at "his" twisted-up roller furling and my less-than-Chapmanlike reef in "his" main. While he did the gentlemanly thing and avoided direct derision, there was that unmistakable look in his eye. Especially when I told him we were not going south that day as planned. And since the forecast was for more of the same the next couple days, maybe not for a while to come. Mrs Former Owner said it all. "What's the matter? You have RADAR."

Maybe I'm just getting old. Maybe I'm just getting overly cautious. Maybe I just chickened out. Maybe there's more to this business of going to sea, than point-and-click. Maybe there's more to it than the ITTLEBEOK principle. Maybe it has to feel "right," too. Maybe?

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Twenty years ago this summer Dave Getchell and a handful of boating enthusiasts from Maine launched a revolutionary idea. Working under the guidance and sponsorship of the Island Institute of Rockland, which had just completed a survey of the thousands of wild islands of coastal Maine for the state, they turned the vision of a virtual path through the water linking uninhabited islands into a coherent whole, a "water trail." They called it the Maine Island Trail.

The novel founding concept was based on the common sense Maine proposition that "people who care about islands will care for them," that a shared love of Maine's wild islands could be the basis for shared use and stewardship of those islands without a bureaucracy, fees, written agreements, and restrictive rules. Today the Maine Island Trail Association has more than 3,500 members, cares for more than 160 islands along the entire coast, and hosts thousands of recreational visitors every season with a staff of seven and without a state bureaucracy, without extensive rules, regulations, reservations, or permits and without owning any islands.

Importantly, some MITA members are intensely committed volunteers as well. A fundamental cornerstone of the Trail is its stewardship. The organization coordinates several interconnected efforts that rely almost exclusively on volunteers. It has 30 Monitor Skippers who ply trail waters daily over the summer in MITA's five ubiquitous red Lund skiffs. In addition, 106 Island Adopters manage smaller numbers of local islands in their own watercraft. Finally, volunteers participate in more than a dozen island clean-ups along the Trail each year to ensure that each island is free of debris every spring and fall. In 2007 these cleanups removed



Maine Island Trail Association Celebrates 20th Anniversary

By Tom Franklin

258 bags of trash from 95 islands plus countless large items including abandoned fishing gear, Styrofoam dock floats, and over 150 tires. A testament to the success of MITA's efforts to educate island visitors is that virtually all of this solid waste was sea borne litter that drifted in with the tide.

More than that, MITA has become a model for the fundamental compatibility of use and protection of natural resources. Far from having to choose between protection and enjoyment, MITA members regularly pursue both by tempering use with Leave No Trace practices and good old Maine common sense and common courtesy. Certainly islands occasionally are closed to protect nesting birds or temporarily damaged environments, but with more than 160 destinations to choose from such closings hardly impair enjoyment of the Trail at any particular time.

Today MITA is leading Maine into an even more valuable synthesis of sometimes competing interests. Maine is confronting with no little ambivalence increased tourism and the

enormous economic benefits that that industry can bring. But MITA has demonstrated, for 20 years, that there is no fundamental conflict between accepting the economic benefits of increased tourism and preserving Maine's traditional quality of life and quality places. Indeed, MITA has demonstrated that tourists from away (MITA members) gladly will provide funds and effort to care for the Maine islands that they love and cherish as much as any Maine native.

But perhaps the nicest manifestation of the harmonious balance of interests that has always characterized MITA is that between traditional users of Maine's beautiful outdoors and the newer generations of environmentalists. MITA always has embraced both, without internal conflict and with ever-increasing public support, from local land trusts to the Bureau of Parks and Lands and dozens of individual landowners. In a sense it all goes back to Dave Getchell's inspired and novel conception 20 years ago, "people who care about the islands will care for them."

Ultimately the MITA model, like the Trail itself, is fundamentally Maine. Members gain detailed information about all properties on the trail in exchange for their commitment to treat the islands well and to Leave No Trace. The islands themselves receive the attention and adoration of a caring constituency of people who love the wild coast of Maine. In the context of one of the state's greatest assets, its thousands of coastal islands, the Maine Island Trail Association reflects a spirit of recreational access to the coast, concern for the land, trust, volunteerism, and being good neighbors.

More information about MITA, including how to join and how to volunteer, is available at www.mita.org or by calling (207)-761-8225.

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Oak Island was our last port of call on our whirlwind trip amongst the islands of Maine's Penobscot Bay with Dave Getchell, Sr. Just off the northern tip of North Haven Island, Oak is a small, privately-owned island entirely open grassland over its rocky foundation. Dave had beached the boat on a little pocket beach behind a bar that broke the chop the southwest wind had been building up all afternoon. To my surprise, Dave admitted this was the first time he'd been on this island. The owners had recently asked what use it might be put to.

Dave Getchell, Sr is very busy these days with his crusade to develop a trail of islands along the Maine Coast open to small boat people for day use and, in many cases, overnight camping. Since he left his career as editor of *National Fisherman* (and in its early years, *Small Boat Journal*) Dave has been sort of semi-retired, not because of age but because he wanted to do some other things with his life. He and Dorrie sold their home and land near Camden and bought acreage in remote Appleton, about 15 miles inland from Lincolnville on Penobscot Bay. Here they designed and built their own house overlooking a millpond on which they have long frontage.

Then Dave got involved with the Island Institute, a non-profit organization of people interested in the preservation of the Maine islands and their lifestyle, including many island owners. They needed professional help editing and publishing their annual yearbook, *Island Journal*. From this work Dave developed his vision of the Maine Island Trail.

On the Trail with Dave MITA in 1989 at One Year

By Bob Hicks

Reprinted from *MAIB*, October 15, 1989

Jane and I had joined Dave on a foggy August morning in his 18' Lund "Alaskan" aluminum outboard workboat for a day "on the trail." Dave spends much of his time, once winter has gone, out on the water looking at islands. Now as we were headed home from Oak Island it appeared we'd be heading right into a threatening-looking thunderstorm area that had built up over the mainland to our west and spread out over Isleboro where we were now headed. So we geared up in our foul weather gear. Had I been skipper on my own small boat, I'd have waited for the menacing storm to move on before heading back, but Dave knows the area and felt we'd miss most of it.

Well, he was right, we hit a brief patch of torrential rain and hail just beyond Compass Island but by the time we approached Isleboro the storm was well to the north of us. Even at its nearest and most threatening it had not delivered the anticipated strong gusts, in fact it killed that southwester dead and flattened the sea right down, a welcome change from banging into the chop much of the day.

We'd started off at Lincolnville, where Dave launched the boat, and headed east into the fog for the short hop over to Isleboro. Our

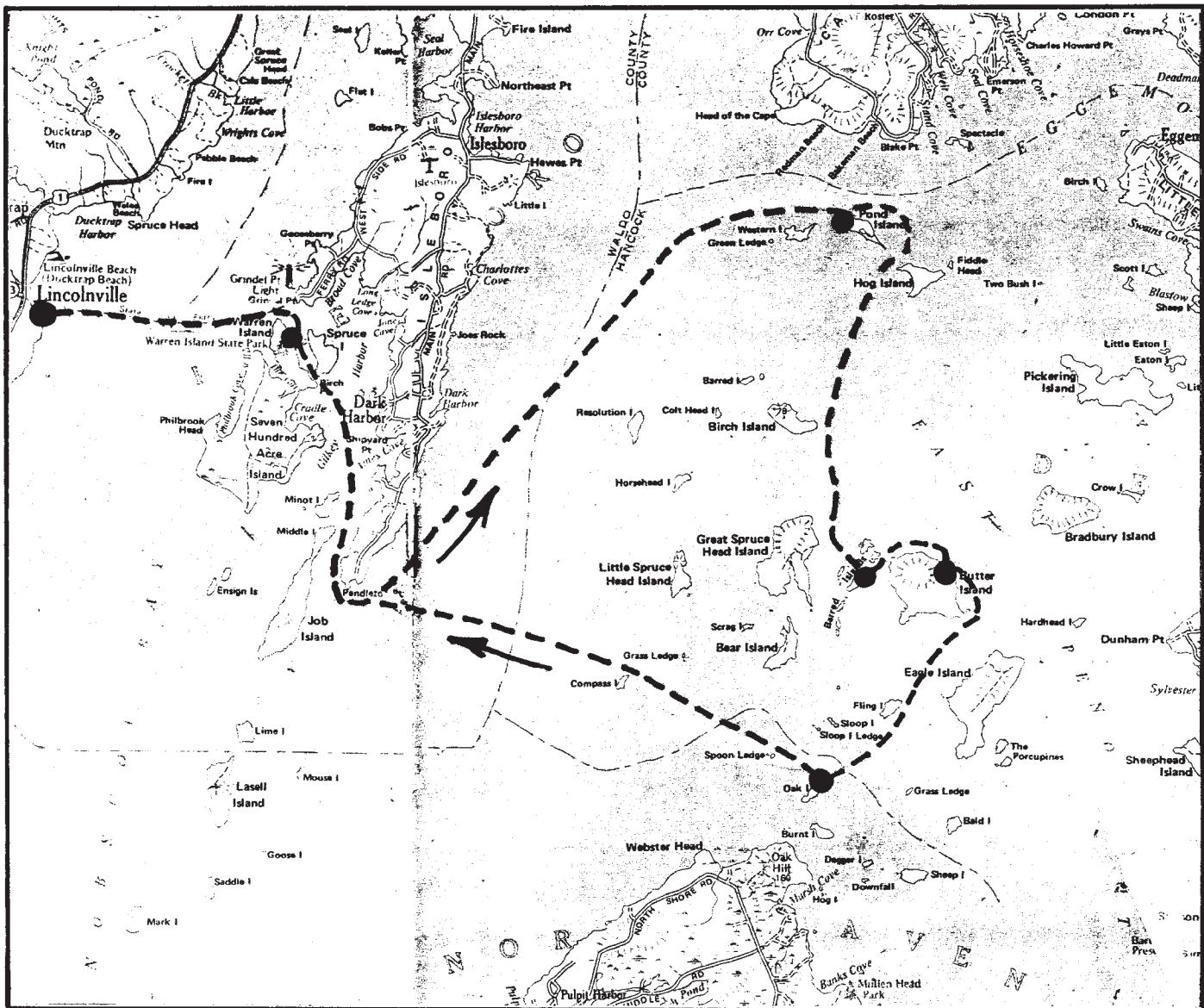
first stop was actually Warren Island, part of the Isleboro archipelago and a state park. State-owned islands are the foundation of the Maine Island Trail but Warren is the only one designated as a fully developed park for camping. Camping is permitted on the other state islands on the Trail but on a "wilderness" basis; ie, no facilities. The MITA annual meeting would take place on Warren Island in September and Dave wanted to visit with the park manager to discuss arrangements. It would be after tourist time and so the entire place would be pretty much available for the MITA meeting.

We departed from Warren Island and headed south down past Dark Harbor in the bay between Isleboro and Seven Hundred Acre Island. Rounding the southern tip of Isleboro we swung into the northeast and gradually pulled away from sight of any land in the fog. In a while Green Ledge and Western Island appeared to starboard, and rounding the latter we then slanted east to Pond Island, our next stop. Pond Island is privately owned but the Island Institute is negotiating its purchase and permission to include it in the Trail is included.

A convenient small beach appeared and we went ashore, hiking up an open slope facing west to look around. The fog was beginning to lift and we could look north to nearby Cape Rosier. Pond would be an ideal island for the less experienced small boater to enjoy, launching from Cape Rosier with only a couple of miles of water to transit to reach the island. This would be particularly accessible to the beginner coastal kayaker. We left Pond and passed through the turbulent overfalls between it and Hog Island, headed south. The channels between some of the islands have tidal currents that can create a lumpy sea at certain times.

Dave's skiff is a big boat and had no problems with the steep chop here, it just banged over it at slow speed. Now with the southwest wind ahead of us we splashed through chop several miles, passing Birch Island to our right, swinging by Great Spruce Head Island with its summer homes, and landing on one of the Barred Islands for lunch. These small islets are connected to one another with gravel bars. We anchored in another tiny baylet out of the wind and enjoyed lunch, including hot soup heated on Dave's little camp stove. Directly across a narrow channel was a larger island, Butter





Island, our next stop. All of these islands are privately owned but the owners tacitly permit day use of Barred and Butter where there are no summer dwellings.

We cruised around to the northeast side of Butter Island where a long beach opened up before us and again went ashore. Butter has a prominent hill on its northern shore, the upper portion open grassland, and we hiked up the trail to enjoy a now gorgeous view as the last of the fog had departed and Penobscot Bay spread out before us with islands leading over towards Stonington to our east and southwest towards North Haven and Vinalhaven. Butter Island will become officially part of the Trail by next summer, Dave expects, and camping here should be a really glorious adventure.

On the beach we met two couples who had come ashore from their moored yachts and Dave soon was telling them about MITA and signing up one of them who expressed great interest in obtaining the MITA Guidebook (available only to members).

We left Butter around its eastern end and passed through between it and Eagle Island, heading southwest again into the stiff breeze and chop, Oak Island our next stop. Just off the northern tip of North Haven, Oak is an open, grassy island with a

moderate rise towards its center, plenty big enough for a few to camp on. It's privately held and not yet available for public use but Dave has been talking with the owners and wanted to see firsthand what it had to offer. He was delighted with what we found. Protected little beaches, open grassy land, and easily accessible from Vinalhaven for paddlers who might choose to take their kayaks over on the ferry and then tour the coasts of Vinalhaven and North Haven.

Well, why would any of these people who own these islands even want to hear about Dave's dream and the prospect of the public using their private islands? You don't find landed folks readily opening their property to the public on the mainland. But islands are very vulnerable, the boating public tends to march ashore anywhere it can, especially on uninhabited islands where the likelihood of meeting a hostile caretaker or owner and being run off is remote. The state has a similar situation, a few people employed by the state's forests and parks (environmental management today) bureaus have responsibility for several hundred islands as well as shoreside lands. The odds are that anyone "trespassing" on any of these islands is most unlikely to be discovered, let alone ever prosecuted.

So when a responsible, knowledgeable guy comes along and says, "Let's get responsible members of the boating public to work together with you who own these islands to establish a non-destructive approach to public recreational use and thus protect your assets," they begin to listen. Government agencies have long worked with involved citizen groups on cooperative programs for management and use of public lands so the state was ready. The presence of state support for Dave's Maine Island Trail Association, and the rapid growth to over 1,000 individual members supporting its preservationist approach to island use, has been very persuasive to private island owners, especially those already faced with ad hoc public use (and sometimes abuse) of their vulnerable islands. With several privately-owned islands already in use on the Trail in 1988 and 1989, other prospective island owners are watching the results before deciding on whether or not to bring in their own islands.

Well, it would have been nice to have had time and permission to camp out on Oak Island but we all had things to do and the island wasn't available yet anyway, so we returned to Lincolnville via Isleboro, that aforementioned thunderstorm darkening the sky to the north and east as we slid around behind it.



Circling Warren Island before heading across to Lincolnville, we pulled up to the rocks exposed by the now low tide and Dave waded ashore to harvest a bucket of mussels for supper. It had been quite a day, a sort of fast-forward preview for us of the potential of the Maine Island Trail. And we'd only seen this one small portion in upper Penobscot Bay, for the Trail stretches from Portland to Eastport now.

The bug has bit, we'd like to go back next season, maybe with our Folbot double kayak. Dave gets around in an outboard because he has lots of territory to cover as he continues to develop and organize the island string making up the Maine Island Trail. The more leisurely approach by paddle or sail is where the recreational experience would be for us.

Left from top:

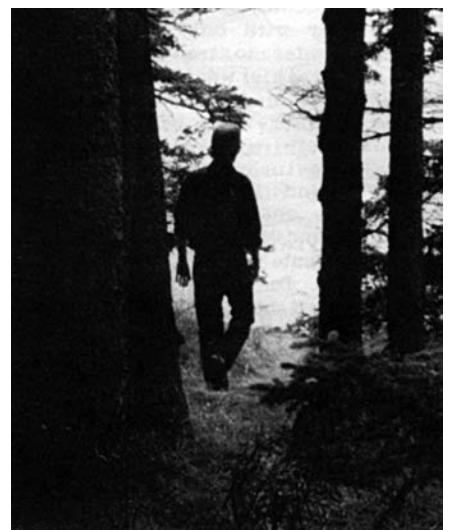
Dave consults with the Warren Island park manager.

Approaching Pond Island.

The view west from Pond Island.

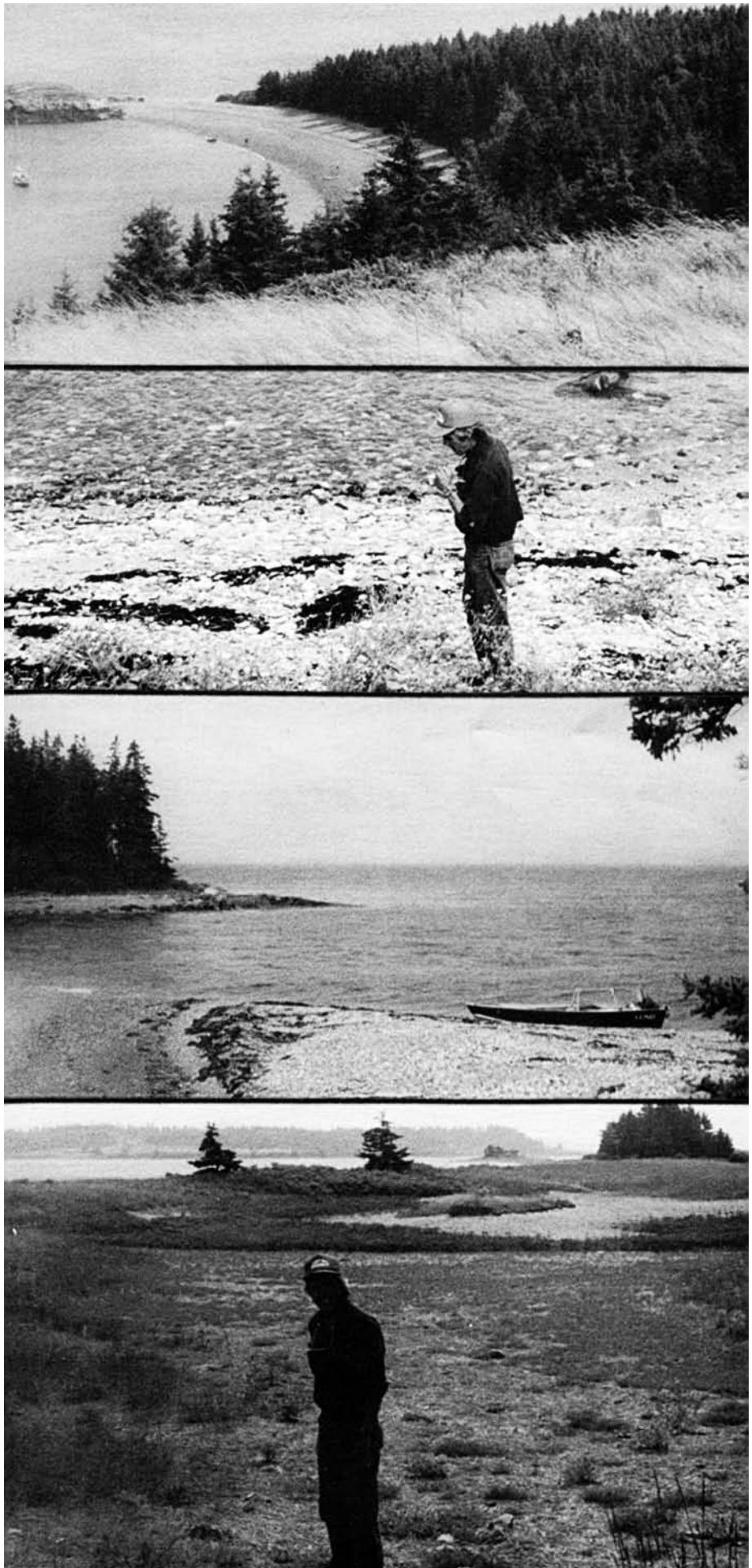
Dave's "workboat," the pipe frame is for hanging onto while standing.

Below: Checking for unauthorized campsites on a private island.



Right from top:

The view from the summit on Butter Island, that's Dave and his boat on the beach. Checking out the wild edibles. Another pocket beach, there's plenty of them. "Well, what do you say? Like to join me on the Maine Island Trail?"



Below: Talking up MITA to some yachting folk on the beach on Butter Island.



In a note published in the July 15, 2007 issue, Don Betts requested a change of address. He said, "Maybe it's time. Maybe it's the traffic, maybe it's being stopped twice by the Coast Guard during an outing with the girls and being told our boat was too small, our motor was too small, and the harbor was much too busy for the likes of us." Don and Martha Betts left New York City to move to Warren, Rhode Island. They are truly missed here in Gotham and we look forward to their visits.

But Don is entirely too modest in his note! What he didn't mention are considerable success stories and many recent adventures on the Harbor. For instance, on Saturday, July 28, 2007, in that same motor boat, *Diablo*, with recognition from the Coast Guard and NYPD Harbor Unit, Don organized, motivated, coached, and cajoled 16 four-oared, 25' Whitehall gigs, a flotilla of four groups of four, on a 24-mile all day row around Manhattan! This was the largest formation of Whitehalls to try it in the 21st century, and probably the 20th, too!

The boats were built mainly by Don, Floating the Apple (FTA), community partner groups, and other youth and adult volunteers. The July 28 flotilla included gigs from Floating the Apple, East River CREW, Village Community Boathouse at Pier 40, Weehawken, Croton, and New York Harbor High School, each rowing with an FTA-trained coxswain and crews of rowers from across the globe on the annual FISA Rowing Tour. FISA is the International Rowing Association, and recognizes open water rowing as well as sliding seat.

Building the Boats

Don Betts was a lead boat builder for Floating the Apple when I first met him, Tori Gilbert, Mike Davis, Brendan Malone, Lissa Wolfe, and Chris Berg in 1999 and he is active up to the present, returning to New York City for events and boat building classes with Rob Buchanan at Lang College, The New School. When I photograph Don at work I change to a higher shutter speed because he is so fast! By the time I see Don in the view-finder he has moved somewhere else. "Always busy," he says.

When I met Don in 1999 he had built more than a dozen boats in New York City, all Whitehall gigs, the 25' "oar on gunwale" wooden rowing boats that our Editor called "Times Square Coxed Fours" after their first boat shop in the McGraw Hill building on West 42nd Street. This year Floating the Apple has happily come full circle, returning to a new Pier 84 boathouse on the Hudson at West 43rd Street in Hudson River Park, near where it all began.

Don is a native New Yorker and most of his and his wife's families live in New England. He tells me he met Martha through the sailing club at school (SMU, Southeastern Massachusetts University, now UMass Dartmouth). They summer on Prudence Island in Narragansett Bay where friends and family consistently supported the idea of the Betts' migration back to New York City each fall to continue building boats and enjoying life on urban waterways.

By season's end 2007 the count is up to "26 or so" Whitehall gigs! They are built right side up on a strongback and glued lap-strake with $\frac{1}{4}$ " occoume marine quality plywood. Luan was used for the first two boats but according to Don it did not hold up well

Don Betts, Boat Builder

By Mary Nell Hawk

Photos by Don Betts, Rob Buchanan,
Mary Nell Hawk, Sandra Koponen,
Smiliana Perez

when wet. The boats are sealed with various epoxies and fiberglass. The epoxy with FTA has been System Three brand and the wood and epoxy laps are sealed and painted with marine plywood sealer primer and paint.

Some of the community-based organizations in the New York City metropolitan area that have built gigs with Don and Floating the Apple include:

Navy Junior ROTC (*John Noble, Taxi, John Magnus, Rescue 1*, and *Traveler*).

New York Restoration Project (*Non-Pariel, GML, JML*, and *Ropa*).

Saint David's School/East River CREW, 1998 (*Saint David*).

The Dobbs Ferry Foundation (who built two boats, *Legend* and *Wysquaqua*, simultaneously in the Village of Sleepy Hollow).

The Point Community Development (*Quinnahung*).

The World Financial Center, (*Kelvin Bowen*). IS 89 in Tribeca (*Eight Plus*).

Eugene Lang College, 2007 (*Quixotic*).

The gigs in boldface each participated in the recent row around Manhattan along with the gig *Rachel Carson*, built by Brendan Malone and students, and gigs *Jan Rodrigues* by Mike Davis and Navy Junior ROTC, plus *Alex McDougal* and *Hoda Jane*, by Mike, Louie Norris, and Navy Junior ROTC.

According to Don, "This boat list seems pretty right, some boats I just showed up because it was fun and I was not in charge, and on good days I just watched." I like the expression 'on good days I just watch.'

When I asked Don for details, here is his reply which gives a great picture of the collaborations that are involved:

"I think I led the planking of *Rescue 1* (2004-05?) at the West 49th Street shop with Graphic Arts HS and clean-up and finishing led by a summer intern, then Louie Norris.

Jan Rodrigues was led by Mike Davis with Navy Junior ROTC.

Alex McDougal and *Hoda Jane* were by Louie Norris and Mike. Louie made planking patterns that have been used for four or five boats.

At New York Restoration Project (*Non-Pariel, GML, JML*, and *Ropa*) I worked on two of the boats with sixth and eighth graders from Inwood with NYRP and Americore helping some, and the third *GML?*, *JML?* was done by NYRP and Americore

Saint David's School/East River CREW built *Saint David* in 1998, made possible by teachers Tori Gilbert and Charlie Duveen with a Toyota Science teachers grant.

The year *Saint David* was built I think there were building four FTA projects (five boats) at once: on 42nd Street we had just finished *John Noble* and just started *Saint David*; on 203rd Street NYRP was doing *Ropa*; *Wysquaqua* and *Legend* were under construction at Sleepy Hollow; and I think Brendan Malone was starting *Rachael Carson* at Pier 40.

Danny Ienbender led the Dobbs Ferry Foundation boat building project funded by a part of a grant from the education department of the Federal government as a way

for junior high and high school students to study the Hudson River. Two boats, *Legend* and *Wysquaqua*, were built simultaneously in a school in the village of Sleepy Hollow over 24 sessions. I was there Wednesday afternoons and evenings, Mike McEvoy was there Saturdays. We each did 12 sessions and the boats were ready to go out the window for sanding and painting, leaving a shop classroom from the mid 1900s ready for its conversion into a computer room. The colors and distinctive sheer stripes were designed and painted by Susan Schmidt after she led the sanding and painting at the County Park in North Tarrytown.

The Point Community Development Center with Nino DeSimone built *Quinnahung* (after the native American name for the village in Hunts Point). Brendan Malone led some days and some days we worked together with students from the after school drop-in center. Afternoons, evenings, and Saturdays started in the Center and finished in a small storefront on Hunts Point Avenue. The boat fit in diagonally with not much room to spare so the plank drawing and cutting was done out on the sidewalk and the work benches were carried outside for lots of rasping and sanding with everybody continually stopping to help.

Other early boats include *Taxi* (#3), built by walk-in adult volunteers, *Magnus*, built by high school seniors as boat #5 (or #6 or #7?), *Libbet* which is now in Croton, *Kate Walker*, now in Bridgeport, and *John Gardner* which has been reincarnated at the John Gardner community Boathouse in Groton, Connecticut.

The chase boat is *Diablo*, the design name of a skiff designed by Phil Bolger built by FTA youth and adult volunteers from the little drawing in *WoodenBoat* magazine.

Kelvin Bowen was built in the public Wintergarden at the World Financial Center during June 2000. Navy Jr ROTC youth were at Pier 40 winter and spring cutting frames, stem, stern knee transom, keel, scarfing 16' $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood together and dry fitting all the parts with the strongback. We were invited by Brookfield Associates to be in one site for seven days, then in the Wintergarden for 14 days, then to make the boat disappear for a week and reappear in the Wintergarden for a week before a concert by Pete Seeger and friends and the boat's launch.

The project was exciting because we moved in in the morning and put up the strongback, placed on the keel, glued on the frames and ends, and left that afternoon with the project looking like a boat. The next afternoon we started planking, one pair a day except for two one day, and were ready to move in seven days with the gunwales glued on. Rob Dunlap from Charleston South Carolina, came to New York to help with the project and Robert Skibar from Graphic Arts was there with Jr ROTC students plus help from students from downtown high schools in the neighborhood. *Kelvin Bowen* was a classmate of the students who built the boat.

Eight Plus was built over a school year in Tribeca with what was called an Eight Plus school, students caught in the limbo of having been in the eighth grade at least one year, but having the system not letting them into the ninth. We were helped throughout the year by students from City School, a high school where students work as interns in jobs outside of school for school credit, and launched in June 2001.



Lots of boats up the East River.



International rowers pass the United Nations.



Carl Schurz Park ad the FDR highway.

Gigs secured at the Columbia boathouse.



Traveller was built at Pier 40, Hudson River Park, 2006, in a space soon to be renamed the Village Community Boathouse. The new non-profit will continue using the McEvoy-designed Whitehall gigs to introduce the public, especially youth, to the harbor/estuary.

Eugene Lang College of The New School built *Quixotic* in a spring 2007 Lang Outdoors course with Rob Buchanan and students and Mike Sadowsy and Pablo Garcia both helped whenever the shop was open.

This may be a little more than you were looking for...

As mentioned above, boats were built with youth and adult volunteers and each still remains in the care of non-profit organizations, available for public access. The boats are designed for rowing from community boathouses and Floating the Apple's mission is to encourage everybody, especially young people, to access and enjoy the wonder of our area's largest open space, its rivers, and harbor. Don and FTA remain in-

Stopover at ER Crew, East 96th Street.

And the rowers go to lunch!



volved with each boat after its completion, advising on maintenance and repair and helping start youth rowing programs.

Plans for these redesigned traditional coxed-four Whitehalls are by Mike McEvoy of Battenkill Boat Works, commissioned in the early 1990s by Floating the Apple specifically to re-introduce members of the general public, especially youth, onto the waters of the New York/New Jersey Harbor Estuary. Along with speed, the boats are designed for stability and maneuverability in harbor cur-



Lots of clamps!

Strongbacks 2001 and 2004.

Building at Pier 40 in 2002 and at Lang College, the New School for Social Research, 2007.

Each boat comes with its own two-wheeled dolly to wheel the boat by hand from boat-house to the davit and back.



rents and chop. As a fleet they are great for racing get-togethers, notably FTA's annual American Star youth race on the Saturday closest to December 9 (with a caveat of no SAT tests scheduled for that day). This year the 13th annual race was December 8, 2007.

For a detailed history of the original American Star Race of 1824 and the role of Whitehall rowing boats in 19th century New York harbor see John Gardner's wonderful chapter on "Four-Oared Gigs: American Star and General Lafayette" in *Wooden Boats to Build and Use*, 1996, published by the Mystic Seaport Museum with photos and dedication by Sharon Brown.

When I sent this story to Don for fact checking, he emailed comments, then added, "I wish I wasn't the topic in the article so much, but it does seem to read nice."

(Floating the Apple's official website is at www.floatingtheapple.org.)

You can see more about rowing the Don-built gigs *Saint David*, *Eight Plus*, and others at www.eastrivercrew.org, the group where I am most active.

The oldest but still useful website is www.whitehallgigs.homestead.com and Google searching uncovers a plethora of articles by and about the various projects and groups.



Traveller, the 2006 gig under construction below, is different from any Whitehall built so far. Don designed alternative decks, fore and aft, with V-shape cutouts enabling it to nest with a second gig, allowing two boats to trailer together to out-of-town events such as the Northeast Youth Invitational Rowing Race (Icebreaker), and the Snow Row at the Hull Lifesaving Museum on Boston Harbor. These photos were taken at the Pier 40 davit, West Houston Street, New York City. Traveller was built with adult volunteers and Navy Jr ROTC boys and girls from the High School of Graphic Communication Arts.



Don's chase boat *Diablo*, at the American Star Race, December 2002 and again in December 2005, Don wearing his trademark FTA red hat.



These are pictures of Don in action on-water, preparing boats and boarding youth rowers with East River CREW (Community Recreation & Education on the Water). Don sets a great example for other coxswains and teachers, myself included, on how to move in a boat with kids, sitting at the various rowing stations to give individual attention.



It's a tribute to McEvoy's design that the boats are roomy and stable enough for instructors to move around in, yet fast and streamlined enough to keep kids enthusiastic.



In the Autumn 2006 *DCA Bulletin* Len Wingfield mentioned that he had spotted our three-masted schooner, *Trimovante*, anchored in the Walton Backwaters and described one of our small dories "sailing well to windward." We take a great pride in our dories and thought the DCA members might like to know a little bit more about them and their origins.

The dories (we carry three onboard) have all been inspired by the Portuguese dories used by the long-line fishermen on the Grand Banks. The Portuguese fishing fleet, mostly made up of large multi-masted schooners, sailed to the banks off Newfoundland every year. On deck they carried between 50 and 70 dories with their thwarts removed so they could be stacked one inside the other.

Once the schooners were anchored over the fishing grounds on the Grand Banks each fisherman was put off in a dory with his long lines. Far from any sight of land the doryman would sail and row up to ten miles from his schooner in search of fish. He would fill up his dory with cod before sailing or rowing back to his schooner. If the weather was settled the dory would often be so loaded down it was almost awash.

The fishermen's sails would be homemade and each sail was different. Everyone had their own idea of the perfect rig and sail shape but it had to be simple and quick to put up and get down. The basic dory hull form has a flat bottom, strongly flared sides, and quite a bit of sheer. It has proved itself to be a very seaworthy shape over many years in the cold, inhospitable North Atlantic waters.

By sheer coincidence, as I was writing this article *Yachting Monthly* published a piece (December issue #1024) about the Andrews brothers who crossed the Atlantic

Dinghies, Dories, and Schooners

By Sue Fawkes and John Shores
Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*,
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)
Newsletter #193, Winter 2006

(Details of the traditional Portuguese dories carried by schooner *Trimovante* are described by their owners)

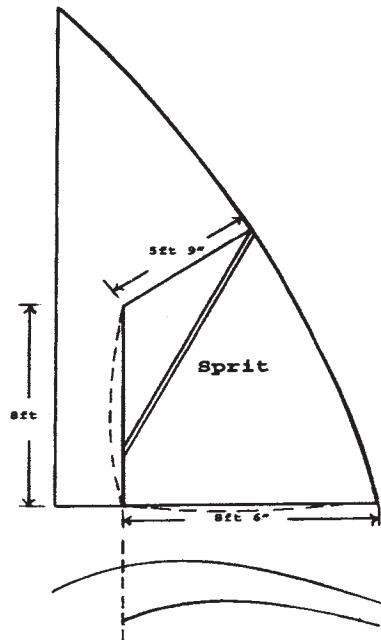
in 1878 in an 18'11" decked in dory. They had worked aboard the Grand Banks schooners and obviously thought a dory would do to cross the Atlantic in.

The dory that Len saw sailing on the Walton Backwaters is a 14' dory originally designed primarily for rowing. It has turned out to be a good sailing boat, too. The rig is a simple sprit rig that can be taken down and stowed in the boat when we want to row.

Sprit rig is unfussy, can be unstayed, is quick to put up, and is just about the only way to end up with a mast short enough to stow right inside a boat. Rowing a dinghy with the mast still stepped is OK and we have done plenty of it in our other boats, but get the mast stowed and you'll row into the wind much faster. The sprit rig itself will go reasonably well to windward but you cannot expect to get the same performance out of it as a Bermudan rig.

Our sail is cut down from an old Bermudan Wivenhoe One Design mainsail. It cost us nothing, works extremely well, and has been out in quite a bit of wind. You need to cut the sail down by removing the forward part of the sail because old sails tend to get baggy and develop too much camber aft. If

you cut the luff off you retain the flatter part of the sail and the aerofoil shape. Hopefully the point of maximum camber will end up somewhere around a third of the way aft from the luff. It's cheap and cheerful to cut off the corner reinforcing patches and sew them back on again where you need them, with lots of stitching, of course. Sail makers, look the other way now!



If you are going to row a boat effectively the rowing positions, footbraces, and rowlock heights must be right and you might have to

Three-masted schooner *Trimovante* close-hauled; note the upturned dories on deck.



make compromises to achieve this, but then carrying an outboard means big design compromises. Two people pulling together (one pair of oars each) can get up a surprising turn of speed. It's good fun and you get fit, too.

For ergonomic success we have always been guided by some rough dimensions from a small boat building book written by Geoffrey Prout. Go too far from these simple minimum heights and distances and you will have uncomfortable rowing.

The rowlocks must be at least 7" above the thwart and 12" aft of the thwart centre line.

From gunwale to floor must be at least 1'3".

There must be a minimum of 3' between thwarts.

To get some leverage you also need something to brace your feet against. It is common to see people using oars that are too short. We are using 7'9" oars on a beam of 4'. A rough rule of thumb would be not less than twice the beam of the boat.

We do own an outboard but find there is absolutely no pleasure to be gained from running the horrid, noisy thing. We only use it on our big 17' dory when a large group of us need to go ashore. Using an outboard to get you home also tends to make you lazy about tides, forward planning, and wind awareness.

It takes the fun out of all the really interesting stuff like spotting back eddies and doing all you can to work the tide.

The dory itself has full built-in buoyancy and is an epoxy ply build. It's sheathed in cloth and painted with two-pack paints. We have used real wood only for the gunwales and the foot rails to tuck our toes under for sitting out. Long experience has shown us that no real wood pretty much equals minimum maintenance as long as all the plywood is fully epoxied and you sheath the outside of the boat with cloth. The dory sits outside all year round upside down with no problems.

It's a slim little boat and not for sleeping in, but we often go exploring for the whole day and the odd overnighter camping ashore.

Here are a few relevant books we have enjoyed reading over the years:

Simple Boat Building by Geoffrey Prout (1934). This is a great little book about building small clinker dinghies, flatties, and prams. There is a good chapter on how to make and fit a standing lugsail at the end.

Quest of the Schooner Argus by Alan Villiers (1953). If you want to read about hardcore dinghy sailing and seamanship this is it. Alan sailed with the Portuguese cod fishing fleet to the Grand Banks and out to Greenland in 1953 and writes a good story.

The Dory Book by John Gardner (1987). This is good basic history of the dory with extensive notes on traditional building techniques. There are lots of line drawings and design details for dories ranging from 12' to 32' and it is a pleasure to browse even if you have no intention of ever owning or building one.

Skiffs and Schooners by Pete Culler (1974). An American book leaning heavily towards wooden boat building skills and traditional seamanship. Lots of dinghy photos and line drawings. Pete Culler is a man who is interested in aesthetics and believes in doing things well. There is a whole chapter devoted to rigs for dinghies, another considering other traditional rigs, and a good section on building proper oars with some general thoughts on rowing.

There are a few more book recommendations on our web site at www.schoonersail.com and a little more about schooners. There are also details of where *Trimovante* was sailing in 2007 (Norway, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall).

For more information about the DCA

Membership Secretary: Roger Howard
Church View, The Old Main Rd
SIBSEY, Lincolnshire PE22 0RX, UK
www.dca.uk.com

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, located on the Olympic Peninsula in Port Hadlock, Washington, has announced its summer workshop schedule. The Boat School will center its summer workshops around the construction of a classic American small craft, the 16 Whitehall pulling boat. Summer workshop students can sign up to participate in one or all of the nine different short classes focused on lofting, building, painting, and fitting out this timeless craft. Every aspect of building the boat will be taught through this series of workshops.

Lofting: June 21, 22, 23, 24
Molds and Backbone: June 28, 29, 30
Framing/Steam Bending: July 12, 13
Planking: July 19, 20
Carvel & Lapstrake Planking: July 26, 27, 28, 29, 30
Caulking: August 2
Interior Fitting Out: August 9, 10
Paint and Varnish: August 16, 17
Oar Making: August 23, 24

You can sign up for just one workshop or attend as many as you would like. You do not need to take every class to participate, even if you attend just one workshop you will have a hand in building a working Whitehall.

If a workshop you would like to attend lasts for more days than you have available, that's OK, too. Most workshops are designed to allow participants to attend all or part of a session. If you can only attend part of a workshop, you must attend the first day. As an example, Lofting is a four-day workshop but you have the option of attending only the first day if you would like and then more days if you desire.

Summer Workshop Schedule Announced at Boat School

By Pete Leenhousts



A classic Whitehall pulling boat built by students.

Workshops will provide demonstration and hands-on experience. Participants will not be using large stationary power tools but, depending on the workshop, small tools may be required.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding is committed to providing men and women of all ages a quality education in traditional wooden boat building and fine woodworking. The School's mission is to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with fine wooden boat building and other traditional maritime arts with emphasis on the development of the individual as craftsman.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding was established in 1981 by Puget Sound Master shipwright Bob Prothero to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with wooden ship building. Since then,

over 1,000 students have graduated from the School's vocational programs and thousands more have attended summer and community workshops, studying traditional maritime arts. The tradition continues today on the new Heritage Campus located on the historic Port Hadlock, Washington waterfront.

The School strives to impart sound, practical knowledge in traditional maritime skills, using wooden boats as the training medium. The School hopes to imbue all students with the pride and satisfaction that comes from skillful work joyfully executed.

The School currently offers six courses which can lead to an Associate degree. Courses include basic traditional wooden boat building skills, traditional small vessel construction, traditional large vessel construction, contemporary wooden boat building, yacht interior construction, and wooden boat repair and restoration.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding is accredited by the ACCSCT (Accrediting Commission of Career Schools and Colleges of Technology) to grant:

Diploma in six-month Traditional Small Craft.

Diploma in nine-month Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft, or Contemporary Wooden Boat building.

Associate Degrees of Occupational Studies in 12-month Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft, or Contemporary Wooden Boat building.

Visit the School's website at www.nwboatschool.org for more details.

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 42 N Water St, Port Hadlock, WA 98335, phone (360) 385-4948, fax (360) 385-5089, e-mail Info@nwboatschool.org

This little boat had its beginning partly in a need for a tender for a 30' sailboat and partly because I had been thinking for some time about a simple construction method for a shapely little dinghy. Two sets of requirements came together; the boat needed to be burdensome, able to get the big boat's crew ashore in an anchorage, and light enough to be easy to stow on deck, it also needed to have attractive lines and be simple to build.

Curvaceous, attractive lines pretty much dictated building over a set of frames but I did not want the complication of a full building jig. Instead I had the idea of a simple strongback, two boards screwed together to make a T-section resting on a pair of saw horses with three temporary frames. In the normal course of setting up frames care must be taken that they are correctly spaced, at the correct height, plumb, and at right angles to the centerline. The stem and transom also have to be correctly located.

Setting up Grace's Tender is very straightforward and free of pitfalls. The positions of the frames are laid out on the two parts of the strongback, the ends cut to length and assembled with drywall screws. The frames are slotted to fit over the vertical member of the strongback. Screwed to cleats, they are firmly fixed perpendicular to the centerline both vertically and athwartships at the correct height. The stem slots into notches in the forward end of the strongback and the forward frame, the transom is screwed to the after end of the strongback which gives the correct rake and height.

The photographs show what this looks like. There is no fussy measuring or leveling, everything is held rigidly in its correct position ready for adding keel, chines, and planking as building proceeds. When the hull is planked it is turned over, the screws backed out, and the strongback and frames popped out.

I was building the 30-footer with the help of my daughter, Grace, who was ten years old at the time. A point came where we had to set work aside while we waited for

Grace's Tender

By Arch Davis.



but I was sure that she could do it. I would take photographs and record the process on video.

I am very pleased with the results. Grace's Tender is pretty to look at, weighs only 55 pounds (Grace carries her easily), fun to row, and responsive under sail. I believe that more than just a tender, she will prove to be a great little boat to introduce other youngsters (and perhaps others not so young) to the rewards of boat building and messing about in small boats.

Plans and DVD

Plans for Grace's Tender include full size patterns printed on Mylar, nine sheets of scale construction drawings, full size details, and sail and spar plans, and a step-by-step construction manual illustrated with well over 100 photographs and drawings. The plans are backed up by a free advisory service. We also have a two-hour DVD, let Grace show you how it's done!

The Kit

The kit provides basically everything needed to build the boat; plywood, lumber, epoxy resin, and fastenings. The frames, stem, and transom are cut to shape, ready to set up on the strongback (also included). Keel, chines, and rubrails are ripped to size, ready for installation. About the only other items needed to be obtain are paint, oars, and oarlocks. Rowing and sailing versions of the kit are available. Other items available include sails, rigging kits, and spars.

Dimensions

Length: 8'0"

Beam: 4'0"

Weight: 55lbs

Sail Area: 39sf

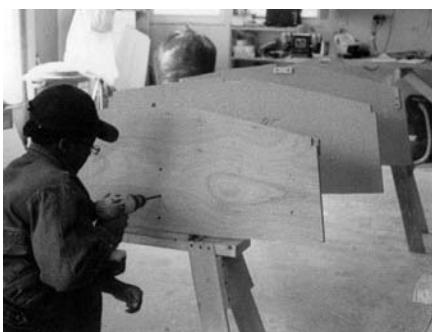
More Information

www.archdavisdesigns.com

Arch Davis Design

37 Doak Rd., Belfast, ME 04915

207-930-9873



The Nicest Place at the Lake

By Jim Niederlehner

My buddy and I have the nicest place at the lake, it doesn't involve real estate ownership and it won't ever appreciate in value, but it is nevertheless the nicest place at the lake. Let me explain.

For 25 years I've been recreating on weekends at a location that a local satirist has named "Slickwater Lake." Slickwater Lake is a pumped storage facility created by our electrical utility in the 1960s. The main dam is 200' high in a very pretty natural mountain gap. Since the entire region is very hilly, the resulting lake is deep and has about 500 miles of shoreline, which has created an incredible bonanza for the real estate industry.

The term "slickwater" is a misnomer because on summer weekends there is a heavy chop, regardless of wind velocity, caused by motorboat engines stirring up the water. The chop persists until the end of the weekend, by Monday the water might be calm again. Fortunately the motorboat infestation diminishes after Labor Day. In the fall it is very peaceful for sailing and paddling.

I generally enjoy paddling around in a kayak anytime the water is warm enough. I have owned a small sailboat and several small runabouts but just messing about in a kayak is usually the best relaxation. We are fans of the folding type kayaks, Folbots and Kleppers. Part of the fun of a folding kayak is seeing the astonished looks on the faces of people who have never seen one.

I will readily agree with the real estate hucksters that Slickwater is a nice lake. The water is deep and very clear for a southeastern US waterway. It all is swimmable and mosquitoes are not a problem. There are a lot of sheltered coves, which is a good thing since there is very little effective anchoring ground. The traditional anchoring technique is to tie off from a tree on the shoreline, it's now harder to find a tree on the shoreline. The shoreline trees have suffered because every 100' of waterfront generally yields a \$400,000 lot at today's prices! The remaining good overnighting coves are along the mountain ridge near the dam. Fortunately this area is so steep that I don't expect condos lining these coves in my lifetime. My father said the coves along the mountain reminded him of the Norwegian fjords.

About 15 years ago my sailing buddy suggested that we split the rental of a slip at our local sailing marina in order to store our kayaks for instant launching. We hired a local barn builder to build us a 12'x24' raft over a single layer of boxed-in Styrofoam billets. This seemed like a great idea until the middle of August when our slip at the head of the cove felt like an oven. Just taking the tarps off of the kayaks impaired our desire to go to the lake. Our next idea was to get our barn builder to erect a shed on our raft. That way we could quickly open the door, launch the kayaks, and head out to the middle of the cove for a cool swim!

We convinced the marina owner that our proposed shed wouldn't be an eyesore and it isn't. It is an 8'x20' shed with a cedar shake roof and stained plywood sides. We proudly erected a teak plaque identifying the structure as "Rat and Mole's Kayak Shack." The



western edge of the raft has a 4' wide "front porch" on which we can sit in the shade and feed the fish.



The fish are conditioned to expect crumbled soda crackers to be thrown as soon as somebody steps onto the raft from the dock. They are probably disappointed at times because we find evidence that others relax on our front porch in our absence.

Although we thought that we had achieved perfection with the erection of the shed, I had some concerns related to the fact that barn builders are generally not trained as naval architects. I have taken that USPS course where they try to teach you about "metacentric height" and such. When I observed the waterline along the plank that marks the Styrofoam billet level, I had an uneasy feeling that the empty shed was using up about 60% of the Styrofoam buoyancy. I didn't want to press our luck with the additional weight of people entering the shed so I started plotting ways to beef up the buoyancy along the heavy edge of the raft. I eventually succeeded in building two more structures containing Styrofoam billets that I jacked under the original raft with a come-along and bolted into place. Fortunately our barn builder made the original raft with a smooth bottom and no protruding nails!

Over the years we have really enjoyed our "Kayak Shack." It is located at the head of a deep cove, surrounded by trees. For a couple of years beavers built a house next door and were damaging a lot of trees. It since appears that someone has reduced or eliminated the beaver population, I better not ask too much about how. Some sort of aquatic critter still catches fish and dines and poops on our front porch but this is a minor annoyance. I

have two brooms and a couple of paint scrapers for fish scales and critter poop. One year I encountered a northern water snake that had occupied the shack along with some stinky uneaten fish remnants. I got rid of the snake and adjusted the sliding barn door for a tighter gap on the bottom.

My daughters have camped out in the shack a number of times during the summer months, I consider this a good way for princesses to get some exposure to roughing it on their own. We generally regard the shack as a spider sanctuary, except for the spiders that get really huge, and we avoid insecticide use unless the wasps get too close. I thought the daddy longlegs arachnids would bother the princesses after dark but they haven't been a problem. As a camping venue the shack is pretty safe for females since it locks from the inside and our dock is populated by family groups on Saturday nights in the summertime.

I don't think I can recommend the floating shack idea for everybody, if I did it again I would have it designed by a competent marine architect. In our case, our barn builder dutifully reported the structure to the county and the county briefly taxed it as a "camper" before apparently losing interest. I often think about what we will do with it if the marina "goes condo." My buddy says, "just tow it out to the middle of the lake and give it a Viking Funeral." Since it has a fair amount of salt-treated lumber in its construction I think the incendiary approach is a non-starter. I just assume that we need to rent a big dumpster and break out our crowbars when it reaches the end of its useful lifespan. The last person at this lake to abandon a houseboat and ignore court orders ended up doing jail time for contempt, so I'll keep that in mind.

The changes at the lake over 25 years cause me some sadness. Little weekender communities of single-wide trailers have disappeared from the shoreline, they have been replaced by an abundance of million-dollar "McMansions." The campground closest to our marina has accepted the inevitable, they have closed and will be replaced by condos.

People at work hear me talking about kayaks and they ask me, "Do you have a place at the lake?" My answer is, "Yes, I don't own any land there, I don't have any plumbing, but I do have the nicest place at the lake!"



Couta boats sailing. Powerful and very physical!



Couta Boats

Report and Photos by Jim Bolland
Reprinted from *A Brush With Sail*

For years, I have been fascinated by the Couta boats that are an historic part of Melbourne and Australia's sailing history. On a recent visit to the beautiful city of Melbourne, I made it my goal to get to see at least one of these gaff rigged 26-footers. I was told to go to Sorrento, on the far southeastern shore of the great Port Phillip Bay, and find Tim Phillips and his business, the Wooden Boatshop.

I spend a fair amount of time visiting high tech, state of the art operations that are building today's Grand Prix yachts and it's easy to get used to the smell of epoxy resin as the smell of small boat building. But walking into the Wooden Boatshop was for me, a return to Nirvana. The smells that accompany wooden boats took me back to the days of



When arriving at the Wooden Boat Shop, the first thing I saw were Couta boats lined up being prepared for the coming season. Stacked in front of each yacht are the lead ingots of internal ballast, about two tonne per boat.

Not so often seen today. Oregon mast, boom, and bowsprit. Nothing so coarse as a modern plastic drum to rest them on either.



my youth when I first helped (?) build a clinker-planked, 14' X Class yacht and then built my own boats in later years.

The Wooden Boatshop is quite some operation and the amount of wooden boat construction was surprising and a great pleasure to see. So I will keep the words to a minimum and share my visit with you by showing a photographic display of wooden boats. But first, a snapshot of the history of the Couta Boat, borrowed from the Wooden Boatshop web site www.woodenboatshop.com.au.

"It started with a fish... the barracouta (*Thyrsites atun*) was one of the most important food fishes found in Australian waters. "Couta," as they are known, are hooked by trolling lines baited with a strip of



The cockpit of a Couta boat. No winches allowed, a really physical boat!

Inside the several workshops were reminders of another age and some modern craft being built in timber. In the background a hard chine launch.





Sure, It's getting away from sailing, but I couldn't miss sharing sights like these with you. All timber construction and looks and smells so good!

rawhide wired to a non-barbed hook. This fish became the mainstay of the fish and chips trade, supplying Melbourne with an abundance of inexpensive fish. The first boat back to port got the best price and so began the development of faster boats giving birth to the impressive performance they are known for today.



When Tim Phillips first spotted *Meremus* sailing in Port Phillip Bay she was one of only two Coota boats that remained afloat and in one piece. *Meremus* was built in 1938 by Ken Lacco at Rosebud for the MacKinnon fishing family of Sorrento, who still own her today.

This encounter was a turning point for Tim who, with considerable assistance from Ken Lacco, set about turning his building skills to the preservation and restoration of the Coota boat fleet of Port Phillip Bay. With a committed kernel of enthusiasts the Coota Boat revival was started. Now active fleets of over a hundred boats in three states of Australia, are testament to their success.

But Wait, There's More, So Much More!

In another bayside suburb of Melbourne, Mordialloc, I discovered Pompei's Mordialloc Boat Building Works. I was told that this is a business started several generations ago by an immigrant Italian family. The present owners and staff are nearing, or in some cases well past, retirement age. These ageing craftsmen appeared to have no younger people on the staff to pass on their obvious skills. There must be history enough at Mordialloc Boat Building Works to fill a large book. Unfortunately, mine was a very brief visit and I can but share some photos with you.

A narrow stream that runs through Mordialloc town passes by Pompei's own jetty and business premises. Many of the amazing number of small wooden pleasure boats moored in the creek were built at the Mordialloc Boat Building Works. Inside the large workshop are the tools, craftsmen, and memories of another age. I hope I didn't look as though I was gawping at them, but it was as though I had stepped back into the 19th century. A craftsman, surely in his 80s, was setting up the keel, stem, and transom of an 18-or-so-foot launch, working slowly but surely and making it look so easy. How many times had he done that?

Craftsmen of another era work among the memories of several generations.



A very pretty clinker planked sailing craft recently completed by the craftsmen of Pompei's Mordialloc Boat Building Works.

More joy to the senses. Lovely enough to decorate your finest room!



By Tim Weaver

PATINA



A SIXTEEN FOOT NEW HAVEN SHARPIE BUILT FROM PLANS OF THE W.B. FROM MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM AND DESIGNED BY LESTER ROWE, A NOTED 19TH CENTURY NEW HAVEN BOAT-BUILDER.

Needs a Home

LAUNCHED IN 1980, PATINA IS SOUND WHITE PINE ON WHITE OAK CONSTRUCTION. THOUGH SHE DOES NEED SOME WORK, SHE IS THE IDEAL BOAT FOR THE RIGHT SKIPPER. OWNER/BUILDER MUST SELL, GOING TO COLLEGE.

The first time I saw *Patina* her owner was handing out this flyer in an attempt to sell her.

I took one, although at this point I had no intention of buying a boat, wasn't even looking for one. However, the more I re-read that flyer the more it appealed to me. I like to think of myself as modestly paternal and *Patina* did need a home. And maybe underneath it all I was a "skipper" and didn't know it. And here was history, love the subject, and craftsmanship. It was obvious she had a few wrinkles but a bit down the line there was the promise of a good sail. Two masted, no less. But it had been ten years since my last boat.

I called the fellow and we made a deal. Terms, cash, but not much. His advice, read *Chapelle* and write *Mystic Seaport* for a copy of the plans to which she was built.

So, late one fall day with the help of two friends, I drove to Essex, Connecticut, loaded *Patina* onto my pick-up, and headed back to Hartford. Took the first place I could find to store her, rolled a couple of logs under her, and began to inspect things a bit more closely.

It was a pleasant surprise. She had a nicely cambered half deck, steam bent coving, inboard rudder, and beautiful sheer. Not to mention sails and much mysterious rope and rig, but that's getting ahead of the story. Structurally she was as nice as she looked, good heavy oak centerboard logs, chines, keelson, deck beams, foremast partner, and main thwart. Like the W.B. she was neither sharpie nor skiff. She was, instead, Lester Rowe's idea of a miniature sharpie and he would have known. He was a noted sharpie builder and oysterman of Fair Haven, Connecticut. Without question I had come upon an intriguing little boat.

At this point I took the builder's advice, quickly acquired copies of *Chapelle's books, Boatbuilding* and *American Small Sailing Craft* and a copy of the W.B.'s plans from *Mystic* and was enchantedly adrift. The small sailing workboats of the past and of that lineage *Patina* partakes, rose and dropped astern. Bateaux, Block Island cowhorn, garveys, log canoes, peapods, Whitehalls, sharpies, skipjacks, Tancock whalers, scows. The Tancock whaler, now there was a boat, or,

25 Years Ago in MAIB

getting down to basics, what about a Block Island cowhorn?

But a pleasant journey must end and as interesting as *American Small Sailing Craft* was, *Patina* was on my mind. The phrase from the flyer, "Though she does need a little work..." was beginning to intrude. That phrase boiled down to two words, she leaked. Here was trouble. At its best a planked skiff that won't stop leaking is a tempest in a teapot. Once these little folk go into the water they are meant to stay there. And if they leak, they sink. Every time. All summer long. No fun. If things are right, the skiff goes in, promptly sinks, and stays that way for a while, then just bail her out and she's all set for the summer. It is positively disheartening to work on a nicely painted, swelled skiff that just won't stop leaking. A good skiff should swell tight and stay tight. And needless to say, *Patina* did not. I needed another book.

Enter *Boatbuilding*. *Boatbuilding* soon became a late evening companion. Keels, sheers, garboards, chines, battens, plans, layouts, timbers, frames, ribands, fastenings, planking, caulking, and hardware swirled through my mind. And tools; steambox, mallet, adze, plane, spokeshave, augers, scrapers, chisels. I was intrigued by caulking irons; reaming, common, making, deck, bent, reefing. And all explained and illustrated to some degree. Amazing. And how about the brief section, page 598, "Turning Professional?" With discipline I pulled my imagination back. My problem was *Patina*, your basic flat bottomed model. And here was plenty of help. I would eye details relevant to *Patina*, check the *Mystic* blueprint, and then check *Patina*. Nine times out of ten she held up. The right wood was in the right place.

I investigated a bit more, took a few bottom planks off. The fastenings were a touch short by *Chapelle's* rule. "The rule is the "penny" of the nail should be the number of eighths of an inch in the thickness of the plank through which it was driven." In soft wood the "penny" should be two-eighths greater than called for in the rule. And the bottom planks tended to warp away from the chine at their edges. Not good. Also much of the clamp and chine fastening was done from oak to pine. That went against the sense of things. And the chine was not flush to the plank to which it was fastened. I decided the chine must have moved and would continue to do so, causing more leaks.

A decision was reached. Refasten the chines and the clamps, this time from pine to oak, replane the chines flush with their side planks, replace the bottom planks from a bit forward to a bit aft of the centerboard, refasten the remaining planks as needed. So in late December I removed the planks I was going to replace.

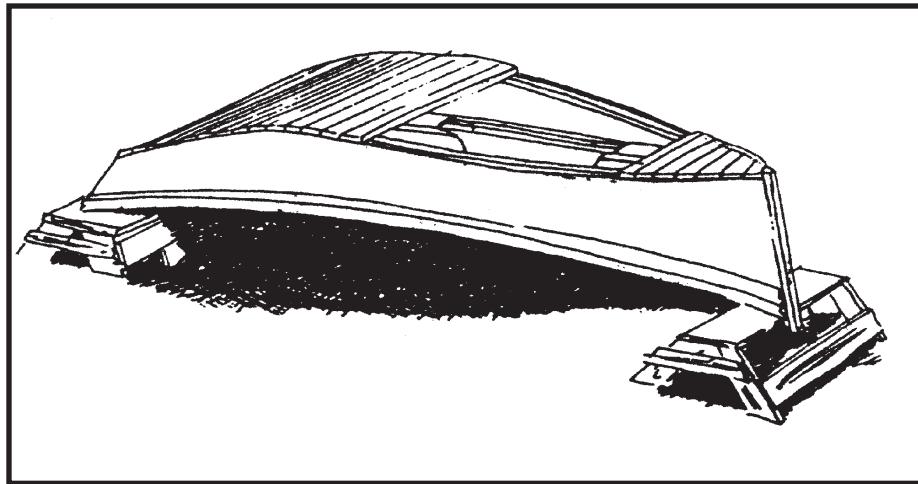
A necessary preliminary step was the removal of the outer keelson and it just about peeled off in my hands, further re-inforcing my original conclusion of loose fastenings as a key issue. I must add here that had *Patina* been a round bottomed skiff or, and especially so, a dory, John Gardner's books *Building Classic Small Craft* and *The Dory Book* would have been just as valuable as *Boatbuilding*.

At this point I began to make my mistakes. I thought the bottom would hold its shape on the strength of the remaining planks, the thwart, and the deck beams. It almost did until the unforeseen need to move the boat was forced by the sale of the property on which she was being kept. In the process of unloading her and re-setting her up a slight twist entered the picture. I decided to let it be. *Patina* was a sprung shape to begin with and trying to re-establish centerlines without completely rebuilding the boat seemed impossible. So she went back together with a touch of a twist. A bit more common sense at the start, adding a few temporary frames, might have avoided the trouble. But, forward.

With the outer keelson and planks removed, the problem became wood. Chapelle liked air-dried wood. It was not available through the usual lumber yards and was just too expensive through the marine lumber yards. The answer was found in a small local sawmill, and I might add that they haven't changed in 30 years. One waits patiently, is heard out, and some wood found. I had the pleasure of discovering Moore's Sawmill in Bloomfield, Connecticut. Over hill and dale it lies and the Moores have been in business a hundred years.

I wanted white pine, clear. Mr Moore said fine, adding that growth knots wouldn't hurt and led me to some rough sawn stock and let me have my pick, though I deftly allowed him to help me with the choosing. The wood set aside, he asked how thick I wanted it planed. I replied as close to an inch as possible. I was then told it would be ready in a few weeks as soon as he had enough work to make setting up the planer practical. Perfect. Just finding the wood, let alone getting help in picking it out, was more than I had a right to expect. I was pleased and paid in advance. I paid either \$.39 or \$.49 a board foot and a week later picked up 60 board feet of good pine. It was much better than the select grade at the local lumber yards. It was nice and heavy with a fine cream color and I had had two nice rides out into the country and met a delightful fellow.

I had also met his assistant, Bob Gregan, who repaired, as luck would have it, wooden boats from time to time. I arranged to have him rip my wood into 6" widths. Having explained what I didn't know about what I was trying to do, I got some good advice, and bought a used mooring buoy and some chain in the process. Things were beginning to shape up.



Tools now mattered. I owned a finish saw, a few screwdrivers, a framing square, a saber saw, a power drill and a hammer. The situation demanded a bit more. Buying used, I added a jack plane, appropriate augers, twist drills, countersinks, three large clamps, and last but not least, a drawknife. The drawknife added immensely to the spirit of things.

Although Chapelle was helpful when it came to tools, another book, *The Use of Hand Woodworking Tools*, by Leo P. McDonald (Delmar Press, Albany, New York, 1962) was a great help, if only for its information on sharpening hand planes. A dull plane is a difficult tool, trying to plane the oak chine level with the side plank proved the point. A sharpened one turned the task to joy. Thin shavings took sail. The side and the chine became one so nicely.

But let me not forget the most critical tool of all, the ever present, bright orange, 100' extension cord. I worked under an old tree, sometimes at night, and that cord brought light and powered saber saw and drill.

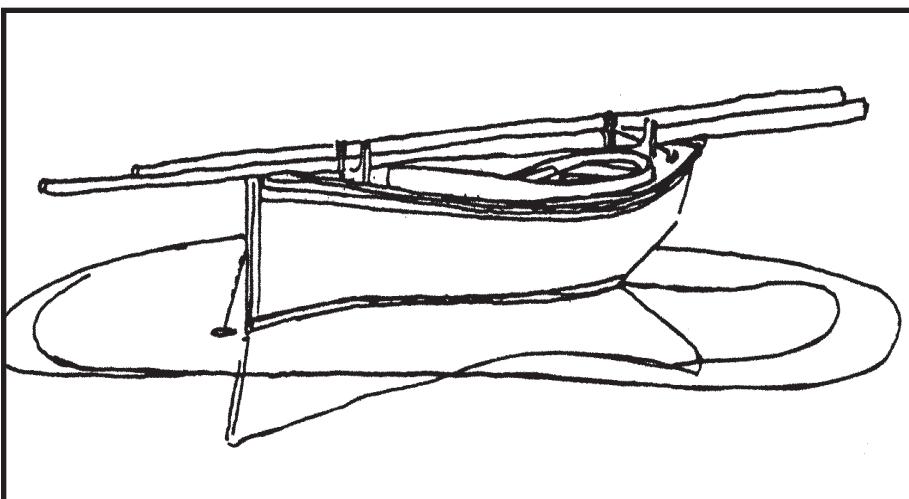
Fasteners were the next problem. My first choice was hot-dipped galvanized boat nails, the traditional fastener, but just as important, the same kind of fastener already used on the boat. I ordered seven and nine penny hot dipped galvanized boat nails only to be taken aback. They were spikes. Something was wrong here, going from bottom to side plank they would surely split the wood.

Without a doubt, I had misread Chapelle. It turned out that *Patina*, though deceptively sharpie-like, was too small for standard sharpie construction procedures as laid out by Chapelle. She was planked with light stuff, $\frac{3}{4}''$ - $\frac{1}{8}''$ pine. Because of that the boat nails, at least the kind I located, simply would not do.

Though I still could have used nails, five, seven, and ten penny hot-dipped galvanized wire nails were readily available, I chose screws, again hot-dipped galvanized ones. A variety of numbers, #8, #10, and #12 screws between $\frac{1}{2}''$ and 3" in length were the choice. I believe, for me, it was the best choice. The drilling and countersinking were to be more time consuming but left less room for trouble. Especially important, however, were the sizes of the drilled holes for the screws. A much smaller hole was used where pine was fastened to oak. And the smallest length of screw where pine was fastened to pine was 3" and the smallest size screw used there was #10.

With the first signs of spring I spread my lumber and gave it two coats of wood preservative. A nasty, thankless, stinging task. Then I waited for a decent break in the weather.

(Editor Comments: Tim went on to share with our readers a long series of stories about his adventures and experiences with *Patina* with our readers over ensuing early years of MAIB and still shows up at the annual John Gardner Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport each June in her.)



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In the October 2005 issue of SWS I wrote an article on the building of a SkiffAmerica 20, an outboard-powered skiff with accommodations for boat camping, gunkholing, and exploring. Although not a sailboat, it does meet the criteria of shallow draft, 6+” motor up, 15”-18” motor down.

At the time of the original article the boat was essentially complete but not fitted out, heart surgery interfered with my planned completion date. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise, our boating season in Colorado ends abruptly with the first cold front (usually around mid-October). I had a woodstove in the shop and could work on the finishing and fitting out details through much of the winter. This delayed launch gave me time for that and time to add some cosmetic touches. However, it is not a museum piece. I suggest that critics view the finished product from a distance of at least ten feet. Nonetheless *IMHO* is an attractive craft, an opinion often validated at launch ramps, gas stations, rest stops, etc. Compliments from friends and strangers are quite gratifying to this boat builder.

In the summer of 2006 it was ready for launch. A good friend from Maryland flew here to help with the initial splash. All went well though this boat, like many boats, still had many things to teach me. I'm an old sailor, not savvy to power boats, steerable thrust, going in a straight line, etc, so there remained much to learn. Unlike a centerboard sailboat this has a very clean, shallow, flat bottom with little wetted surface. In addition, it has a high freeboard (aka windage). As soon as I get below steering speed the wind takes over, causing me to make several runs at the dock prior to success. However, I am improving.

When lightly loaded and at my altitude (4,000'-6,000') the top speed is 17+mph. It will gently rise onto a plane at about 8mph, the speed with which I am most comfortable. I am told by others that nearer sea level it should top out at about 20mph. But if I am on the water I am already where I want to be and in no hurry.

In the west everything water-wise is far away so in planning for the boat and my needs I wanted a first class trailer. I chose a Florida-built aluminum torsion axle trailer with 13" wheels. The aluminum keeps the weight down, the low slung torsion axle gives a low center of gravity with good stability on the interstate, and it is friendly to shallow ramps. The boat/motor/trailer/personal gear registers on the scales at 1,500lbs+-. My Honda Odyssey van has a 3,500 pounds rated towing capacity, a comfortable safety margin. After 4,000+ miles of towing I am

Lake Powell, Utah.



SkiffAmerica 20 Break-in Cruises

By Paul Breeding

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

satisfied and looking forward to many more miles, many more lakes rivers to explore.

After the initial 2006 summer launching and some familiarizing runs on local lakes, I was ready for travel and overnight boat camping. Two hundred miles north of Denver is Glendo Lake in Wyoming, a manmade lake on the North Platte River. Glendo is 12,500 acres when full with up to (or down to) 100+' of depth, a length of 18+ miles with a scenic western view of the Rocky Mountains, a long sandy beach, and many quiet coves. But for me the highlight is the three-plus miles of river canyon cut through solid rock many eons ago. The vertical walls, stratified layers of rock formation, and variety of colors were sights to behold when viewed from the water on a slow moving boat in the early morning light with a thermos of hot coffee. Having a camera handy would not be a bad idea.

Although I camped aboard nosed up into the shallow water of a reedy cove, the car and trailer were parked at the adjoining campsite. This was my first overnight on the boat, anchored in shin deep fresh water, an adult beverage in my hand, the full moon rising, not too bad. Of course, on shakedown cruises there is a learning curve starting with what I forgot to bring, then trying to remember where I packed various items I did bring.

The next major outing was in the early spring of '07. Spring doesn't arrive in Colorado until late May and even then it can be accompanied with snow. However, we decided to head for the upper portions of Lake Powell on the Utah/Arizona border for a week of boat camping/exploring/hiking and photo ops (of which there are plenty) the first week of May. The "we" are a couple from Maryland (friends from many years, sharing many adventures, experiences, trips, and near calamities over the years) and I. While driving the 500 miles to Bullfrog Marina we had to stop at Rifle Falls in western Colorado and Goblin Valley in Utah to gawk at the incredibly beautiful landscape.

The plan once we were on Powell was to find a place for Karen and Richard to set up their tent while I would sleep on the boat. Although the water level is down about 100' we often saw 200' or more showing on the

Glendo Lake, Wyoming.



depth meter. This depth was balanced by solid rock vertical walls many hundreds of feet high. When leaving Bullfrog Marina there was maybe two miles of an open bay prior to entering the rock wall canyon heading southwest (or downriver) for the next 20 some miles.

With the sheer towering rock walls and the very deep water there was no place to anchor and camp until we reached the Escalante River. We then proceeded upstream for a couple of miles, finally reaching a sandy spit with enough soil to both drive tent pegs into and to drive a couple of anchoring pins to secure the boat. All else was solid rock. With the security of two pins in the ground and two anchors off the stern in the deep waters of the Escalante I was comfortable that the boat was safe. Only one night did I need to get up to reset the stern anchors as the strong night winds were banging the hull against those colorful red rocks. Earlier that day the wind completely collapsed and relocated Karen and Richard's tent, nonetheless the first night we dined and sipped under a rising full moon.

I should note here that neither cell phones nor VHF radios can reach anyone should we have needed help. The local advice for seeking aid is to wait for a passing vessel (this time of the year there are few), hope they have their radio on, call them, and ask them to relay your message, and, if all goes well, someone will be contacted. Fortunately for us we never needed aid as we were completely self-contained and cautious.

While at this campsite we spent a day hiking up to the plateau, photographing vistas and such along the way. As it was early spring in the desert many of the few flowers were in bloom, wherever there is a trace of moisture something will be growing, an encouraging sign. Another day was spent slowly motoring up the shallow waters of the Escalante, poking into coves, marveling at the rock formations and stratification, awed by the array of colors, strengthened by the majesty of it all.

As we know, one of the advantages of boat camping is not being restricted too much by weight considerations and, to a lesser degree, by space concerns. So we had plenty of food/water/fuel onboard (although I worried a bit about fuel consumption). I cooked all meals onboard with a small two burner propane stove, we ate all meals onboard. This was my first experience with the boat for a multi-night trip with three people. It worked quite well but I think mostly because the three of us had been through many other trips together and understood the choreography required for three people for three days on a 20' boat. I think the boat

will work best for long camping trips with two and their required gear.

The next major trip for '07 was to Starvation Lake in northeastern Utah. I don't know why the lake was so named, and looking at the local population starvation is not a problem. The reason for this trip was a messabout put together by Jim Thayer, a boat builder in western Colorado. Though many of the attendees are from the Salt Lake area, there were a few from Colorado and Wyoming, mostly in sailboats, some in kayaks, many of these homebuilt and one powered skiff (mine).

As expected I got a fair amount of good-natured ribbing regarding having a motor, however, many questioning admirers wanted a ride. It provided a mobile, controllable platform as the photo boat and took next year's planners to portions of the lake they had never seen. Of course, as so often is the case when boaters get together, the highlight was the Saturday evening potluck with great food, greater camaraderie, stories regaled, truth stretched, and a good time had by all. The area of the lake we used provided minimal camping but was exclusive to our group; this was, however, before the Memorial Day start of the season. For me it was a chance to see waters and portions of the west for the first time.



Starvation Lake, Utah.

Atlantic 17

By Seth Persson Boat Builders

In 1999 Jon Persson introduced the Atlantic 17 in response to the need for a versatile, convivial, open water rowing boat. Rowing as a healthy and sociable activity had been gaining in popularity for some years with a concurrent call for boats suited to building and rowing by those new to each endeavour. The Atlantic 17 was designed for this purpose, a simple, seaworthy boat set up to be rowed by one or two people.

Measuring 17'x4' with 15" hull depth amidships, the Atlantic 17 is of a modified dory configuration. Two staves of planking provide the reserve stability and buoyancy which makes this an exceptionally seaworthy boat. With a hull fine enough to be easily driven at hull speed and lightweight enough to be readily handled on land, the Atlantic 17 is ideally suited to the long or casual haul while the high carrying capacity of her dory lineage allows for enough gear and supplies to be carried for extensive coastal cruising.

Construction is of plywood planking on plywood frames using the batten-seam method. This allows the builder to handle smaller parts than with other methods while achieving a fair and strong hull. A layer of 6oz fiberglass protects and strengthens the hull even further.

One issue facing all small rowing boats when rowed as doubles is fore and aft trim when the rowers are of varying weights. This is resolved in the Atlantic 17 by building parallel seat risers into the frames which allow the thwarts to be moved to any spot for optimized trim. When combined with multiple oarlock stations a wide variation of crew weights can be accommodated.



Another characteristic common to both rowing and paddling boats is the tendency to "weather-vane" in winds that are at angles to one's course. This tendency is mitigated by the Atlantic 17's symmetrical hull design which presents a balanced profile to the steering effects of the wind and water.

Since its inception the Atlantic 17 has been used and enjoyed with acclaim by novice and experienced rowers alike. The design has proven to fulfill the original criteria of a safe, easy to use rowing boat for multiple purposes and experience levels.

Over these years there have been numerous inquiries about the availability of plans from which to build the Atlantic 17. This has always been a sensible question since the At-

lantic 17 is as readily buildable by the novice woodworker as it is rowable by the novice oarsman. In response to these inquiries complete building plans have been prepared for this boat which include full-size frame and stem patterns, dimensioned drawings, materials list, and detailed building text. Frame and stem kits are also available. The cost of plans are \$60 per set (plus \$4.50 shipping and handling) while frame kit pricing varies depending on the material used (call for details).

More information about the Atlantic 17 plans and frame kits is available at www.perssonmfg.com. Email perssonmfg@abac.com. Call (860) 767-3303. Write Seth Persson Boat Builders, 17 Industrial Park Rd, Suite 5, Centerbrook, CT 06409.

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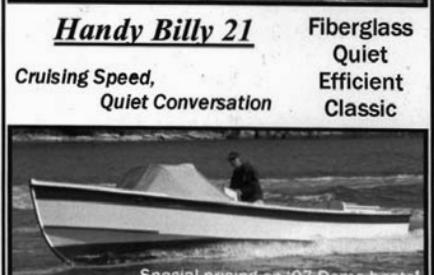
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Tango Tri Progress Report

By Bob Hicks



True to my expressed intent of completing some of my long-standing projects around here I have carried on with the Tango Tri I first presented in the March issue. At that time the necessary mounting brackets to fit the amas/akas to the kayak hull were in mock-up form. Since then, with the mock-ups fitting satisfactorily, I jiggued up the components for welding and lugged them off to friend George Reynolds in nearby Derry, New Hampshire. George is currently at work welding up a large aluminum yacht at Wininghoff Marine in Rowley, Massachusetts, but he did my job in two hours on a Saturday and it was now possible for me to do a preliminary set-up out in the yard with the snow mostly gone in mid-March.

One photo shows how it looked. The dimensions of my mounting brackets were spot on for my calculated height for the ama bottoms to be about 8" above the bottom of the kayak, it all set there nicely with concrete blocks supporting the amas so I could fit the akas into their mounting brackets and space the amas symmetrically. The leeboard can be seen on the left side of the kayak, it and the mainsheet will be operated by me from the rear cockpit as well the rudder with the kayaks footbrace/pedals.

I dug out the windsurfer rig I had used on the earlier 17' solo kayak tri and it dropped right in as planned into the front aka/mast

step bracket. Two other photos show this assembly jiggued for welding and later in place on the kayak. It fits right into the watertight compartment just behind the front cockpit with a flat plate that rests on the kayak bottom distributing any vertical mast loading over a large area.



The rear mounting bracket is shown in another photo jiggued for welding. This is mounted on the side rails bolted along the kayak's beltline just behind the rear cockpit. The location of the mounting brackets and the spacing of the amas (12' beam) permit full paddle strokes to be made by either paddler if that becomes necessary.



The windsurfer rig cannot be reefed. I feel that the 45sf fully battened sail will probably be underpowered in the conditions in which we will be sailing this summer, breezy but not windy days on nearby protected Essex Bay and Plum Island Sound and on a couple of large lakes within easy distance. We've got a lotta learning to do before (if ever?) we venture out in more challenging conditions. Should it breeze up unexpectedly and seem to be overpowering the rig it can be luffed enough to spill excess wind and can swing straight out downwind if the sheet is eased, with no shrouds to interfere with 360° rotation of the mast.

As I write this the end of March just before going to press I expect we will not do our "sea trials" until mid to late June. Details are still to be dealt with, including making a larger balanced rudder, paddle mounting brackets, modifying the hatch to fit the watertight compartment in which the mast partners fit, etc. Part of the fun of this is working out the details now that the main set-up appears to be workable.

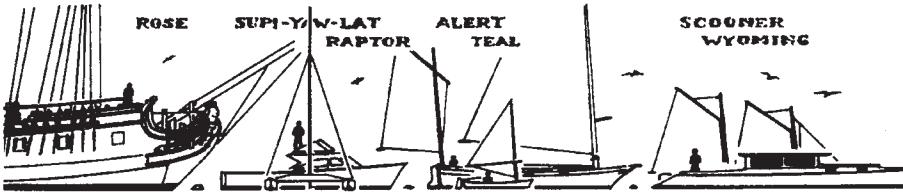
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The oceangoing cruiser we're designing for Jon and Nancy Kolb has a stern ramp for an 11' Fast Brick lifeboat/tender; See *MAIB* Vol 24 – No 15, and *MAIB* Vol 21 – No 8. This is a highly practical boat that can be sailed, rowed, and motored, carries a huge load, and is set up to survive in many conditions. It does all these things well enough to be useful but the sailing and rowing qualities are less than exciting.

The Kolbs have built a Light Schooner, a Windsprint, and a Light Dory 19½' amongst others so they know what decent rowing and sailing boats are like. They wanted two things that the Fast Brick could not give them; first, a rowing boat with enough performance to make exercise a pleasure. This does not mean a racing type boat. It should have more versatility than that, including beaching capability, and it ought not to be as demanding of concentration as are the extreme racers. This amounts to making the boat long enough to have fine lines and taking care of the geometry of the rowing positions.

Secondly, the sailing requirement calls for a reasonably stiff hull that can stand up to its rig in a fair breeze plus reserve buoyancy to stand sudden squalls. Kolb's Light Schooner with all that sail area has tested their skills keeping her upright with just two aboard. Dual uses do call for some trade-offs. For instance, the reserve stability calls for higher sides and more decking than would be ideal for rowing. We've indicated here what we think is a fair compromise. The real problem was that with the Fast Brick on the ramp, where it should be for its lifeboat function, we couldn't find deck space for the 15' of length we judged was the minimum to produce a satisfying rowing behavior.

No big deal, you'd think. We've done plenty of boats that come apart into more easily stowed sections. We'll break this one down into two 7'9" prams and stow them in recesses on each side of the stern ramp. They'll be launched with swing-out davits and assembled afloat. Or maybe not always assembled? They're not pretty shapes for either rowing or sailing when they're apart, but not so bad that it wouldn't be worthwhile on occasion, such as for an impromptu race across the anchorage or just to give two folks one boat each without launching the lifeboat.

The prams will sail quite respectably, if they're trimmed right; ie, nose down as shown. We want spars short enough to stow in the boat (meaning in either end of it). So the two identical sails are quite appropriate. As for the rowing, keep the stroke short and quick. There's the convenience of having two extra boats available for short, lightly-loaded, trips. While we're at it, we arranged the two ends to have enough clear length to sleep in, or at any rate to lie down in. The side decks help her structurally without any permanent thwart. Note the two centerboards, one in each hull, arranged to make the two ends identical for construction and design. An arrangement like this makes it possible to have

Bolger on Design

“Perfect Skiff ‘08”

Design #658 – 15'6" x 4'5" – Sail Area 90sf

perfect helm balance and great steadiness on course. Lifting the rear between tacks will make her turn faster.

At this point we had some qualms about the afloat assembly of the 15-footer. That one will likely be wanted much more often than the two 7'+ prams. Trying to get the two ends aligned and secured while afloat looks like a frustrating business. On the other hand, we could use the mothership's ramp lower segment to teeter-totter a nervous balancing act to align and connect each hull.

After Kolb mentioned that he did not intend to use them much separately, we decided to hinge the identical hulls at the deckline joint. During passages or in a marina she will be carried folded, in a starboard side recess of her after deck just right of the pivoting launching ramp. There she rests on her port-side edges with the davit arms between the two sections ready to rotate outwards some 90 degrees ready for unfolding, locking, and lowering into the water. So there's now room to swing the bow half over to its proper position for rowing and sailing with a lanyard controlling its arc. Gravity holds it there until the latch is engaged. Then lower it from the davit into the water with no balancing acts or much risk to fingers. If that's not clear, take our word for it that it works on paper and wait till we have some plans of the cruiser to show, soon, we hope, the Kolbs have shown superhuman patience about it.

In the meantime, study our Perfect Skiff '08, a nice boat in its own right. The second sail plan, the Kolb's favored this balanced lug, shows considerable simplification traded against spars too long to stow in the boat. The assumption is that the Fast Brick

Fast Brick in action from December 15, 2006 *MAIB*.



is the lifeboat and must have everything she needs secure in the boat at all times. The Perfect Skiff is primarily for recreation with no need to launch in panicky haste. It's also desirable to leave the spars and other sailing equipment out of the way when she's used for recreational rowing. Under sail or oar, she can be overnighted in if exploration of tight waters tempts.

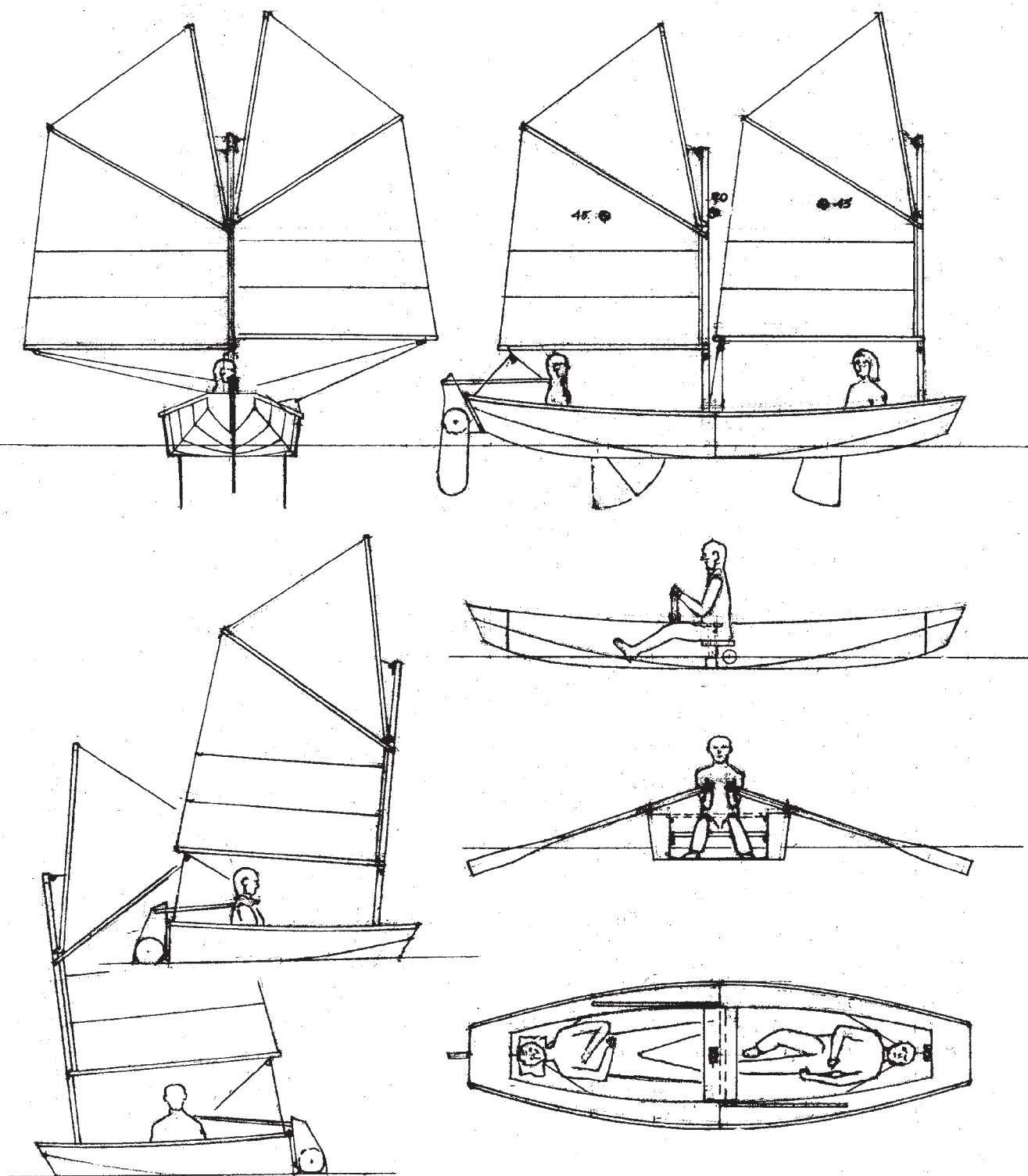
In a future study we'll examine the obvious option of putting a modular plug between the hulls, say 1' to 4' max to assemble on demand an expeditionary skiff for rowing, sailing, and modest horsepower outboard power. Carrying the three hull pieces on a rack over a 4x4 truck up to the headwaters of, say, the mighty Yukon would save a trailer. And with a crew cab truck a third crew can then take the truck to the expected destination downriver.

And there is another obvious option which is to put a 2' butt piece on transom/joint of each separate hull to allow sailing and rowing them with a much fairer water-flow around that big joint back to say a more pleasant and better sailing 3' wide transom, for total length of 9'8".

To sum it up. Design #658 (not consecutively numbered due to glitch in our archive) can be transported in two handy halves on two car tops if need be, will sail and row in two halves, bolted together to near 16' length, or be built to fold for storage and transport, and then it can be stretched by adding a midship plug. Lots of utility, lots of dreams possible, and, we hope, lots of actual reports of the most diverse application of the “Perfect Skiff ‘08”.

The original “Perfect Skiff” Design #571, designed 15-20 years ago for a *WoodenBoat* competition is, of course, still available, and is quite a different interpretation of the theme.

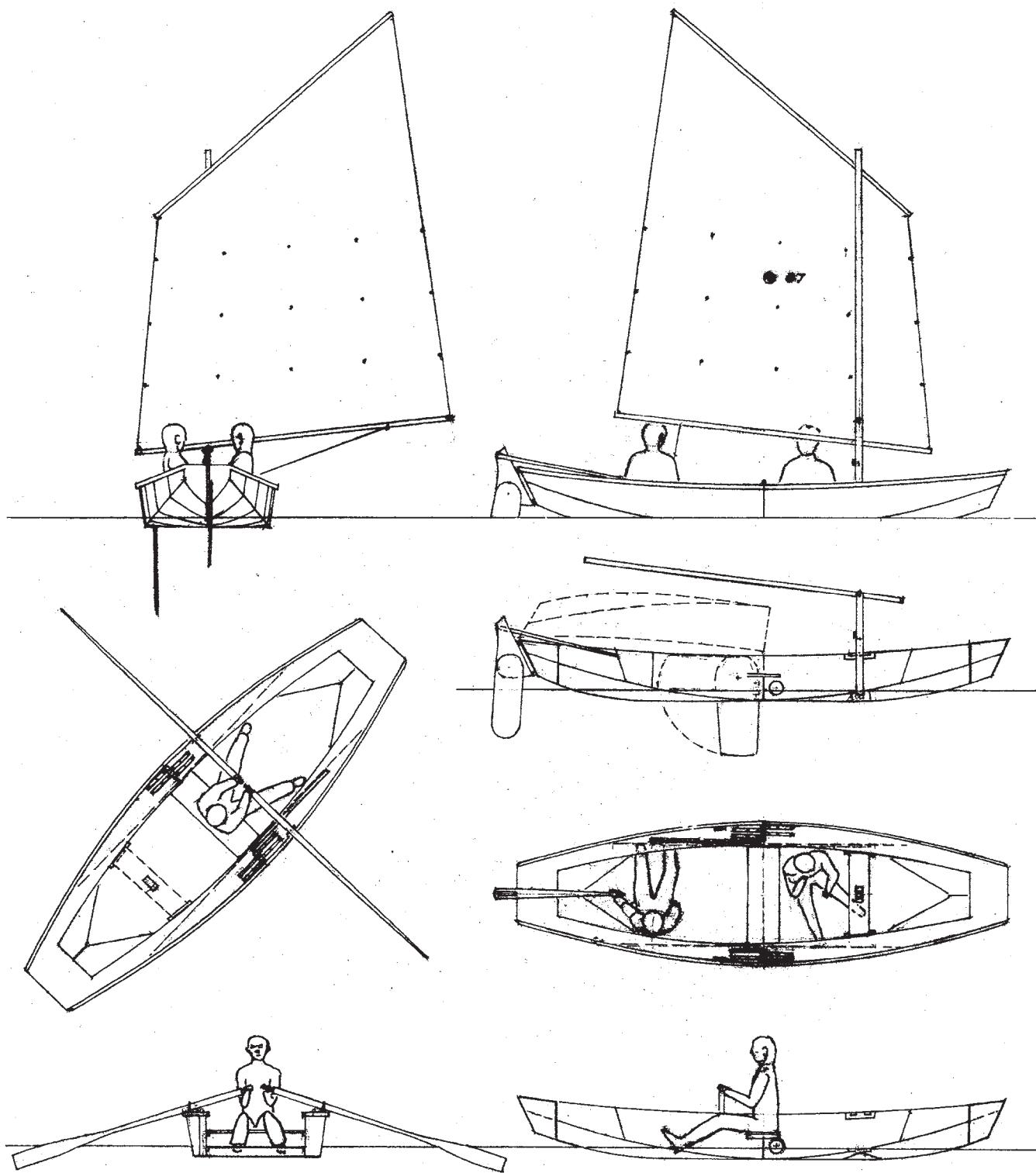
Plans of the “Perfect Skiff ‘08”, our Design #658, will consist of five sheets of 17"x22" and goes for \$125 to build one boat, and mailed rolled in a tube from Phil Bolger & Friends, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



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SCALE $1/2" = 1'0"$
DESIGN #658
15'6" x 4'5"
FOR JON KOLB
PAUL DOLER & FRIENDS
DESIGNERS
GLoucester, Massachusetts, USA

03/05/08



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SCALE 1/2" = 1'0"
DESIGN #228
15'6" x 4'8"
FOR JOHN KOLE
PHIL KOLBER & FRIENDS
DESIGNERS
GLoucester, Massachusetts, USA

I went sailing single-handed in a small boat! This may not seem like a big deal to you but I have been single-handed small boat sailing only a few times since the mid '70s. A few years ago we purchased a Puffin (10.5' dinghy) but never got around to rigging and launching it. Well, on February 9, 2008, the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club's Puffin Fleet was holding one of their monthly races about 200 yards from our cottage at Shell Point. The time was convenient, the location excellent, and all I needed to do was rig, launch, and go. The rigging was straightforward but the launching was another matter. With the help of a neighbor, my wife and I got the boat off its trailer and into the water at our unfinished launch ramp. Since the tide was out we had plenty of mud to put the boat on once it was off the trailer.

The wind was out of the south but it was still a bit cool so I wore a nylon wind shirt over my sweater and my hat to keep the sun off. I pulled my sailing gloves out of the "go bag," added a paddle, and other than the fact that I had only done a short sail in this type of boat once before, was ready to race. What I had forgotten was the problem of fitting a 6' body into a small space (the amidship seat was in the way). I had also forgotten how hard fiberglass can be over time (a cushion will go with me in the future).

There were nine boats in the racing fleet and the wind favored a port tack start. I followed another boat on the port tack and was off, only to be passed by most of the fleet be-

That's what it was called in Chicago over 70 years ago when I was 12. And despite having walked through innumerable boat shows since, nothing matches the magic of that display of pleasure craft.

Maybe it's today's mass of white plastic mountains and commercial hubbub that dulls my enthusiasm. But when the *Chicago Tribune*'s special section announced The Motor Boat Show in the 1930s, my heart raced at the prospect of browsing amongst an array of cabin cruisers and runabouts. I don't remember much about sailboats then, perhaps because they didn't pique my interest at the time. But the thought of seeing and boarding such names as Richardson, Matthews, and Chris Craft thrilled me.

So it was on a Saturday morning that I climbed on a Chicago Surface Lines from which I transferred to a Grand Avenue car which took me directly to Navy Pier. Walking into the long expanse of the pier's exhibit space was like entering a cathedral. The quiet was broken only by muted voices, no crowds in those Depression days. Awe and anticipation suffused me as I hurried past booths of fishing equipment and Wisconsin resorts to

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

fore the weather mark was reached because of things I failed to remember about small boat racing. I did stay ahead of another boat so I was not last. The next race I thought I had misjudged the start time and went around to re-start only to find out later that I was not over early. I made a note to myself to find the stop watch my wife and I used when racing many years ago and see if it still works.

Even with the bad start I passed another boat when their outhaul came loose on the leg to the finish line. By this time I was getting sore, my right arm was tired from holding the mainsheet (install a fairlead and cam cleat soonest), and the boat was making "strange" noises. I sailed the third race and ended up next to last one more time. There were to be two more races but I decided it was time to get out and stretch the cramped muscles, so I sailed back home and with the help of the neighbor and my wife retrieved the boat. I was sore the next day but I have been finding the necessary gear to jam the main sheet, create a small boom vang, and I have found one of my old canoe cushions for the butt to rest on for the next race.

I have already adjusted the rudder lock down so it fits better with the help of my brother-in-law who stopped by for a visit on his way to visit his daughter. I will install the

rotating lead/jam cleat I found in storage (in the fourth box checked) shortly and then, according to other owners of this type of craft, I need to stiffen the mast step base to hold the side strain on the mast at the step. Oh, the joys of owning a small boat and keeping it sailworthy! But, there is also the joy of sailing!

The Yacht Club is planning some canoe/kayak trips. I have been finding all the stuff we used to use on local trips and seeing what condition the double paddles, the duck boat, and assorted gear is in at the moment. I pulled the break-apart double paddles from storage only to find that the brass had corroded a bit over the years. I contacted the Folboat people by email about repair/refurbishing only to get a response that they had not made that model double paddle in the last 20 years. A good deal of brass polish and elbow grease later, the paddles go back together.

Our craft is a duck boat built by Seafarer Boatworks (no longer in business) in the late '60s. It was a "custom" job in that my wife did not want the standard camouflage brown-green color. The builder used some "robin's egg blue" for the gel coat. It still looks nice after many years of neglect. Of some concern is that the Club is planning trips that will include going across the flats off Shell Point and the duck boat is designed for lakes and rivers. If the wind builds I may be bailing as much as paddling as the freeboard is about three inches. But the weather (and water) is getting warmer, so why not go boating?

The Motor Boat Show

By Dick Schneider

where the boats loomed in their white enameled and varnished mahogany glory.

I knew enough to pick up a free carrying bag into which I would stuff every piece of boat manufacturers' literature I could get my hands on. Later I would dream over these for weeks, envying the sophisticated-looking people lounging in their cruisers docked at waterfront mansions.

Beckoning me at each boat were wooden stairs leading to its cockpit. Anyone could enter any boat with impunity, unlike today's shows where boarding is a limited privilege. As a boy I was never stopped, probably the salesmen considered me to be a future prospect.

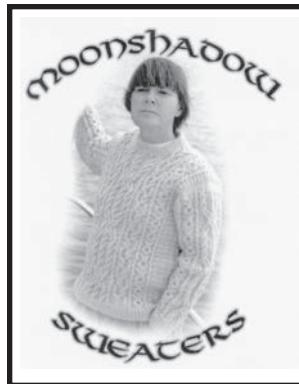
Once inside the beautiful cabin I would sit down on a cushioned berth and inhale the new boat fragrance of fresh paint, varnish, and upholstery. For moments I'd be lost in thought of "someday, someday." And then it would be on to another, the 24' Richardson, a 34' Matthews (my choice), the rakish

Chris Crafts, and the gleaming piano finish runabouts, Gar Wood and Century. I knew enough to not touch their high gloss finish as the salesmen frowned on fingerprints.

And all the while my carrying bag of literature got heavier and heavier. I finished with the Hunter boats (not today's sailboat maker) with which I was familiar from rowing past their factory in McHenry, Illinois, on the Fox River. Then, as the afternoon waned, I'd slowly make my way back to the entrance, stopping now and then to board another cruiser and once more sense that magical feeling of "someday."

As it was, I never attained my dream of owning one of these beautiful cruisers. Reality came when a friend let me pilot his big powerboat. Riveted at the helm, I felt like I was driving a semi-trailer truck. By then I had sailed some and knew I had been born to be a sailor. Joy came in the form of a 22' Catalina which my family and I enjoyed for almost 20 years.

Yes, there would be times when I would sit in its snug cabin at dockside and, lulled by the wavelets lapping at *Bonnie Bleu*'s fiberglass hull, dream of those stolen moments aboard those cruisers of long ago at The Motor Boat Show.



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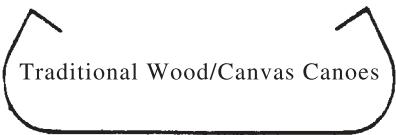
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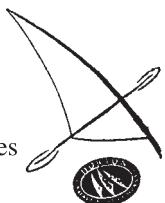


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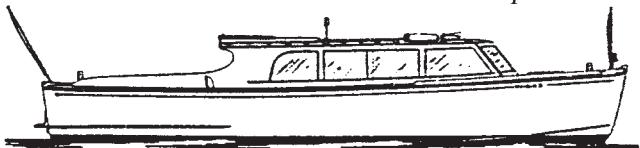
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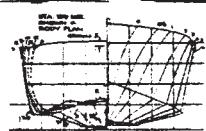
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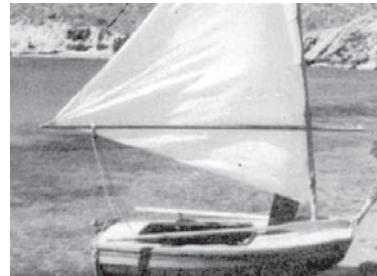


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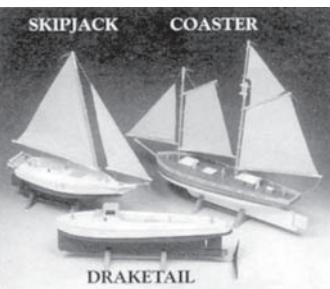
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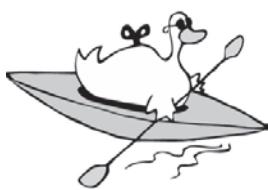
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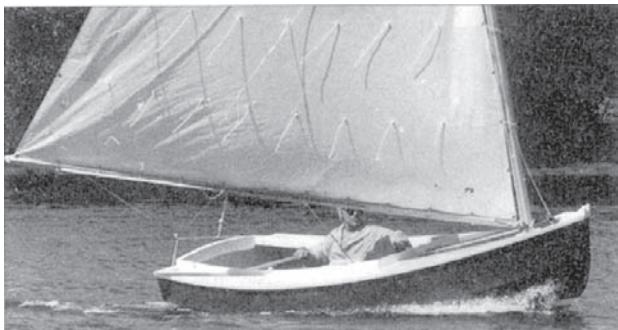
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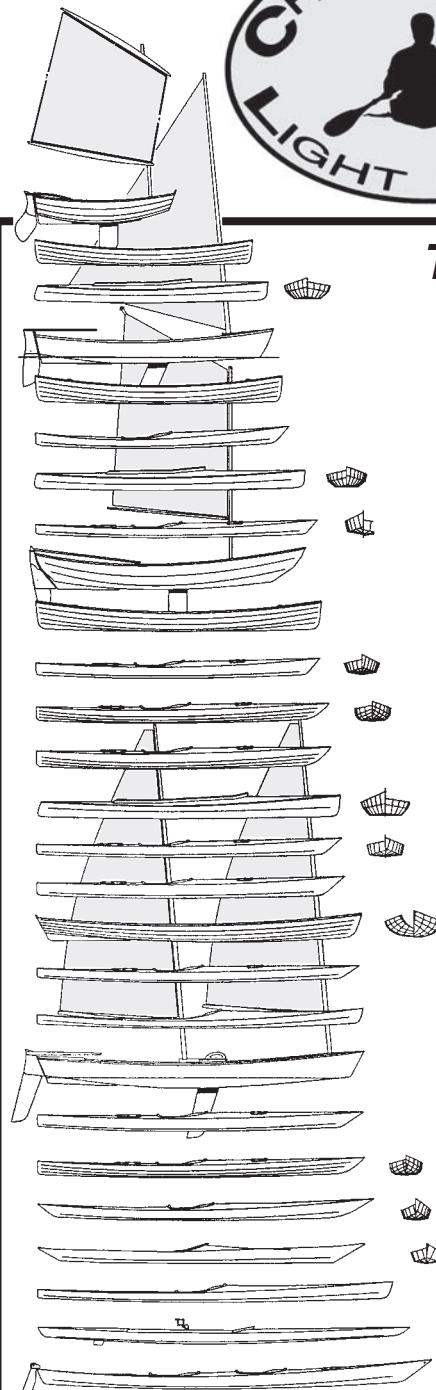
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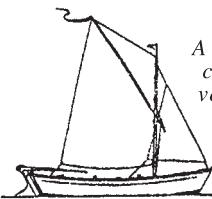
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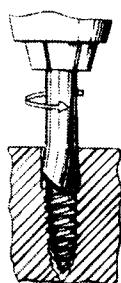
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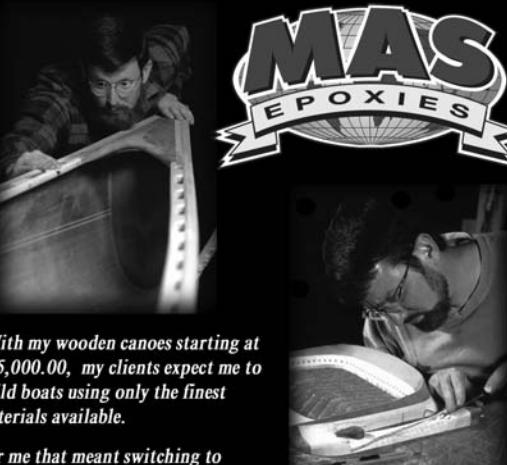
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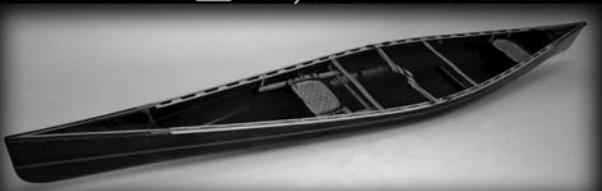
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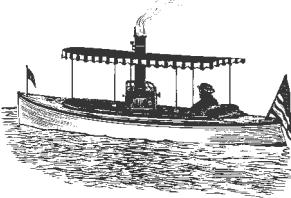
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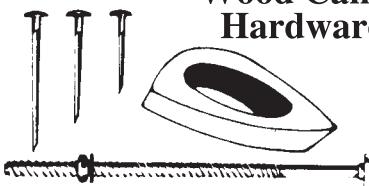
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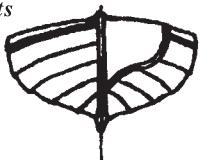
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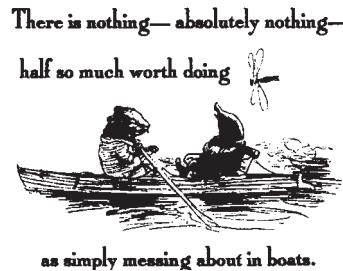


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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)



Build the Wee Penny Canoe, a solo canoe with ample volume for two. Light enough to handle alone. Made birch bark fashion with low cost lauan door skins of wood, fiberglass & epoxy. 17 pages of detailed instructions & drawings. \$25. PERRY KRATSAS, 915 S. Hillcrest Ave., Clearwater, FL 33756. (5P) PHOTO from Pg 43 lower right January issue.

Skipper Magazines, '60-'70, about 30 or so. *Yachting*, '34 & '72. Free, you pay shipping. JOANNE SCOTT, Chestertown, MD, (410) 810-3663, j.s.scott@verizon.net (608)

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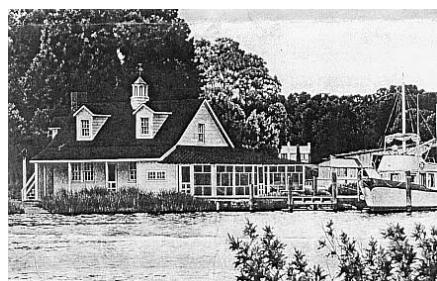
Sail Faster Than the Wind, Turn your canoe into a tri. Detailed plans for floats, stitch & glue, akas, kick up rudder & kick up leeboards plus hiking seat. Mast, step, thwart & sails, 5 tiller plans & 3 leeboard. 6 flotation compartments. Brass compass rose, mast thwart insert diagram. Disassemble for easy transport. Stable, 9' beam, fast & fun. Material cost \$257 to \$330 w/o sails. Plans \$20 pp. RONALD M MULLOY, 36 Calais Rd., Randolph, NJ 07869-3517, (973) 895-5443 (12P)

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Vacation Rental Waterfront, 100yr old refurbished cottage off lower Potomac River nr Leonardtown, MD. Suitable for 3 couples or 2 families. Slps up to 10. Incl protected deepwater slip & several small craft. \$1,000-\$1,350/wk. LEONARD EPPARD, Lorton, VA, (703) 550-9486 (TF)

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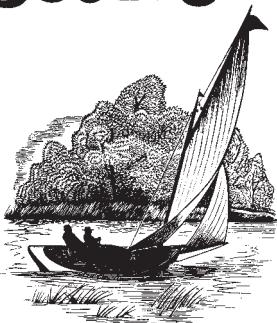
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Apr 24-27 Bay Bridge Boat Show, Stevensville, MD

June 5-8 The Yacht Show, National Harbor, MD ***

June 13-15 Antique & Classic Boat Festival,

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St. Michaels, MD ***

Oct 9-13 United States Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD

*** signifies on-water demos

Our Other Shows are:

May 24-26 Woodstock Craftshow, New Paltz, NY ***

Jun 14-15 Cape Cod Life Boating Expo (tentative) Hyannis MA ***

Jun 21-22 Crafts at Rhinebeck, Rhinebeck, NY

Jul 4-6 Berkshire Crafts Festival, Great Barrington, MA ***

Jul 12-13 Lake Champlain Maritime Festival, Vergennes, VT ***

Jul 18-20 Antique and Classic Boatshow, Hammondsport, NY ***

Jul 18-20 Lakeside Living Expo, Guilford NH ***

Jul 25-27 Finger Lakes Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY ***

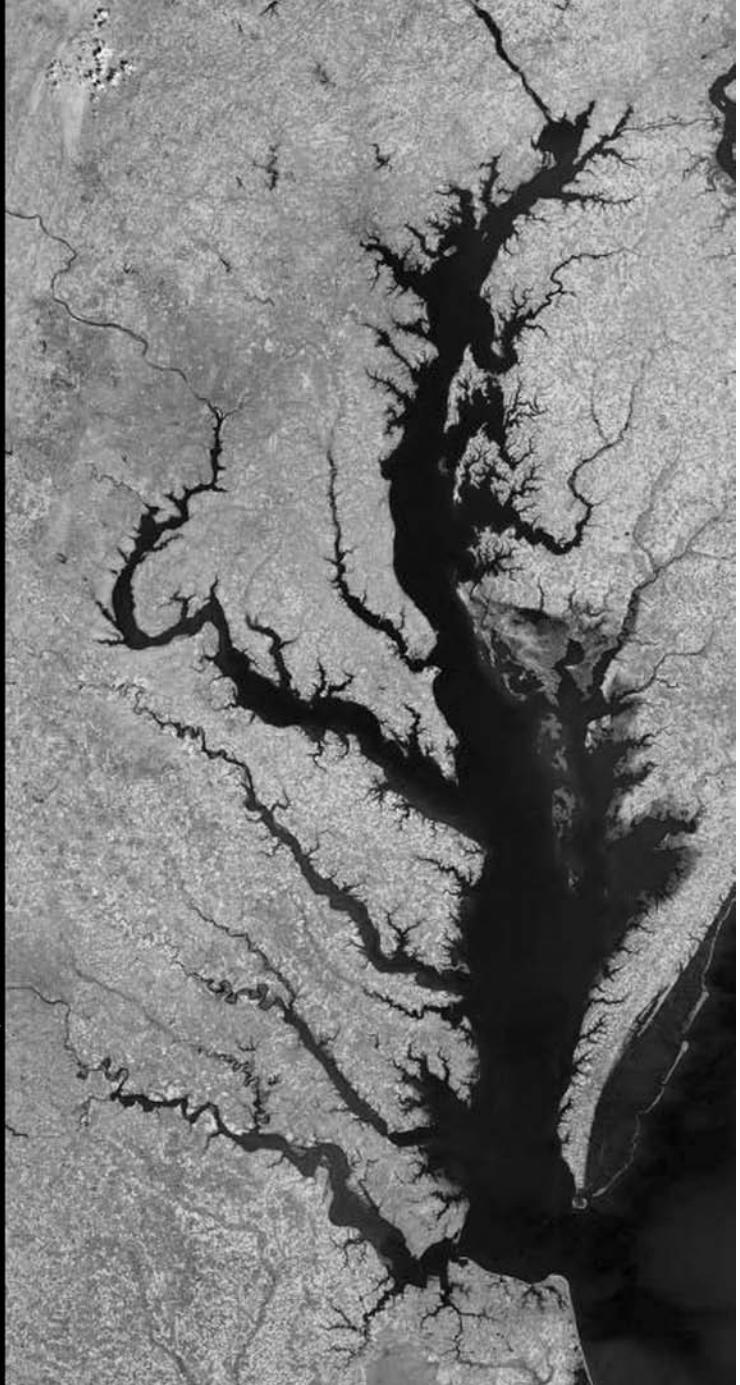
Aug 1-3 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton, NY ***

Aug 2-3 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Kingsland Bay, VT ***

Aug 8-10 Maine Boats & Harbors, Rockland, ME ***

Sep 5-7 Port Townsend Boat Festival, Port Townsend, WA ***

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